

diScorDia

April 2007

That environmentally friendly magazine from CTR 101.9 FM

Free

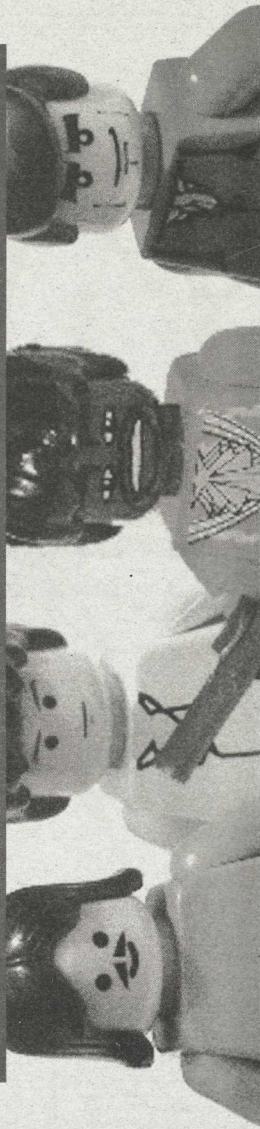


GREENBELT COLLECTIVE *SPRING MIX TAPE*
SIGNAL + NOISE
JAZZ JEAN BAUDRILLARD
NOTR BLOC PARTY
TRIS DERKSON
SKSW

EVERY SINGLE SUNDAY TILL 3AM

RETROFIT

HIP LIVE RETRO ROCK N ROLL HITS
ALL NIGHT LONG also with DJ Matty C



\$6.50 DOUBLE
HIGHBALLS

Sun

Republic

958 Granville St

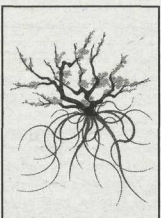
Open til 3AM
7 nights a week
dhmbars.ca

Editor
DAVID RAVENBERG
Art Director
COLE JOHNSTON
Production Manager
LAURA HENDERSON
Copy Editor
CHEYANNE TURIONS
Ad Manager
CATHERINE RANA
RLA Editor
DANNY McCASH
Datebook Editor
LAURA HENDERSON
Review Manager
CHEYANNE TURIONS
Layout & Design
COLE JOHNSTON &
LAURA HENDERSON

Production Team
COLE JOHNSTON
MELANIE COLES
CAROLINE WALKER
GRAEME "XML" WORTHY
MICHELLE MAYN
ARTHUR KRUMINS
CATHERINE RANA
DAVID RAVENBERG
ALANNA SCOTT
LAURA HENDERSON
CHEYANNE TURIONS

Photo & Illustration
COLE JOHNSTON
LUKE MEAT
FREDDY H.
MELANIE COLES
LINDSAYDIET.COM
BESH FROM GREENBELT

Program Guide
BRYCE DUNN
Charts
LUKE MEAT
Distribution
AMANDA MCCORQUODALE
US Distribution
CATHERINE RANA
CITR Station Manager
LIDIA MASEMOLA
Publisher
STUDENT RADIO SOCIETY
OF UBC



COVER ART BY COLE JOHNSTON

© DISORDER 2007 by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Circulation 8,000. Subscriptions, payable in advance, to Canadian residents are \$15 for one year, to residents of the USA are \$15 US; \$24 CDN elsewhere. Single copies are \$2 (to cover postage). Please make cheques or money orders payable to DISORDER Magazine. DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the May issue is April 22nd. Ad space is available until April 23rd and can be booked by calling 604.822.3017 ext 3 or emailing disorder.advertising@gmail.com. Our rates are available upon request. DISORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type or via email. As always, English is preferred, but we will accept French. Actually, we won't. Send words to disordered@gmail.com and art to disorderart@gmail.com. From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CITR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CITR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at citrgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.citr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

Regulars

The Gentle Art of Editing	3
Riff Raff Bryce Dunn	4
Copyfight! Greg McMullen	4
Cinema Aspirant Allan MacInnis	5
Textually Active Adverbs, Inkstuds	6
Mixtape Kara Peet	10
Calendar Spring Waltz	16
Real Live Action	23
Under Review	26
CITR Charts The Dopest Hits of March 2007	29
Program Guide	30
The Highlight CITR Spring Bash	31

Features

Cris Derksen
Vancouver's cello ambassador excels at every genre but country. **11**

Greenbelt Collective
Most musicians take their fans for granted. These pop collaborators not only appreciate your support, they want you to join their band. **13**

Signal + Noise
Multimedia artists converge on Vancouver from April 19th to 21st to prove there's more to the message than just the medium. **18**

SXSXW
In case you weren't already jealous, Luke Meat recounts a week of beer, bands and BBQ at the legendary Texan Festival. **20**

the Gentle Art of Editing

I have a confession to make. While I've been moonlighting as the editor of *Disorder*, an alleged champion of independent media and free expression, I've been making a living through far more sinister means. A job that's not only shameful, but directly contradicts my professed values. A job that actively makes the world a slightly worse place. As any good twelve-step program will tell you, the first step on the road to recovery is to admit that you have a problem. So—deep breath—it's time to face my fraudulence head-on: I've been spamming. For real. I write spam.

No, I'm not the one responsible for those malicious emails offering the cure for your girlfriend's dissatisfaction in the boudoir, and I don't saturate your blog's comment section with nonsense. What I do is write advertising copy for products that I know absolutely nothing about. My words are then placed on fake websites that jockey for supremacy on Google's page rankings, luring in users with hollow promises of real information about real things. In truth, these sites are little more than AdSense farms, each waiting to generate revenue from the frenzied clicks of disoriented web surfers. Each article I write makes the internet a little bit less useful, and for that I apologize.

On top of it all, writing spam is decreasing my enchantment with the written word. There used to be times when I would read a

great sentence and feel a rush of endorphins: I remember reading Nietzsche for the first time and exclaiming *yes!* under my breath every few pages. These *yes!* words have little effect on me. Even though I secretly enjoy a little spam here and there, like the email with the subject line "he saxophone on poop" that landed in my inbox the other day, the effect is like literary crack: it doesn't last. From books to blogs, the sheer volume of text vying for my attention actually seems to strip words of their meaning. The internet has become a masterpiece of empty signifiers, the definitive book that Baudrillard never wrote.

Call me a dinosaur, but what I really like about *Disorder* is the tangible feeling of newprint in my hands. I like spending the long hours of production weekend with my friends and cohorts, working on a collaborative project that bears the marks of our collective effort. I like the fact that when I say, "We've switched printers again this month, and now run on 100% recycled paper and vegetable inks," I'm talking about an actual change we've made, one based on something as old-fashioned as conviction. I like having a new Art Director and Production Manager, both eager to step in and carry on the legacy of this magazine that's as old as I am. I'm going to kick this spam-writing habit, and *Disorder* is the higher power that's going to help me do it.

David Ravensbergen, Editor
disordereded@gmail.com

NYALA

NOW OPEN
4148 Main St
Open daily @ 5pm

You're invited for
one FREE APPETIZER
with the order of an entree.

Entertainment every Thursday
starting at 8:30pm
African Music by Yoro from Benin

www.nyala.com

Coupon expires May 15th, 2007

RIFFLAR

by
BRYCE
DUNN



Hello again music lovers, time for another journey into the center of my turntable for sounds fantastic and scary, like our first single by gangly goth-rockers **The Horrors**. Currently buzzing around the heads of British music critics, these boys from nowhere are now everywhere, and stockists can't keep their records on the shelves. The first batch of tunes released on these shores come in specially designed sleeves, naturally upping the collector factor. "Gloves" is a slice of organ-grinding dementia (played by Spider Webb) that sees singer Paris recounting one heck-uva nightmare over a squealing guitar riff provided by Joshua Von Grimm. "Kicking Kay" is a similarly grounded garage powder that tells of equine emulation, while the rhythm section of Tomethy Furse and Coffin Joe nail the lid shut on this three minute burst of primal punk. Already getting flak from the garage purists and favour from the entire British teenage girl population, The Horrors are onto something, and only time will tell if they still wear their influences on their sleeves or rip them off and make you eat them. (*Loog Records, www.loogrecords.co.uk*). Probably the only band that could melt the black hearts and mascara of those lads is the trio of lasses known as **The Pipettes**. They attack with an arsenal of pop confection so sweet it could put Charlie and his chocolate factory out of business. "Judy" is the latest in their batch of sticky sweet sixties-girl-group-inspired songs and it's definitely a winner. The b-side, the oddly titled "The Burning Ambition of Early Diuretics," mentions the word "love" at least eighty-eight times (yes, I counted) and acts like a lost song from the vaults of **Tommy James**. The Pipettes' chops are backed

THE BLACK HOLLIES THE DANSETTES



"back" "party days"
TWO GREAT BANDS ONE GREAT RECORD!



by an ample band, and the puppet master is the man known as Monster Bobby, the **Phil Spector** of the new millennium. Their debut album, *We Are The Pipettes* will be getting a proper release on this side of the Atlantic in the coming months as they just inked a deal with Interscope Records. Make sure you got a toothbrush and floss in hand, 'cuz this one's gonna hurt, kids. (*Memphis Industries, www.memphis-industries.com*). Not only have those Brighton babes been the boon of dentists nationwide, it seems they've spawned offspring in the state of New York with **The Danettes**, named after a 50s record player that could be carried around with you and used to play several records at once. Seems the ladies (Leah, Jaime and Jennie) were behind the decks of their local soul spot, the Subway Soul Club, and couldn't stop belting out their favourite songs. They employed the Brothers United backing band and the rest, as they say, is Soul Power! The song "Forty Days" is a stompin' mid-tempo number that hearkens back to the glory days of the Wigan Casino and the Northern Soul movement. They share one side of a new forty-five with their friends **The Black Hollies**, who turn in a decent cover of **Deep Purple's** "Hush" (which just so happens to be one of my most hated garage songs EVER). I think I got turned off by this song when I heard it being slaughtered by a local Vancouver band (trust me, you don't want to know who they are) and can't listen to the original for wanting to tear my eyes out. However, the Hollies' freakbeat stylings are much better suited to their likeable full

length, *Crimson Reflections* (released last year), so I won't dissuade from checking them out. (*Ernest Jenning Record Co., www.ernestjenning.com*). Finally then, some covers I can endorse without breaking down are supplied by Torontonian malcontents **Brutal Knights** on a recent single fittingly titled *The Breakdown EP*. Whether these guys and gals were just looking for an excuse to record some of the "classics" or actually ran out of original material is anyone's guess, but they don't fool around on "Communication Breakdown" by the legendary **Led Zeppelin** and "Nervous Breakdown" by **Black Flag**. Both songs are treated with just the right amount of sneer and savagery, as you would expect from a group whose take on punk rock is nasty, brutish and short. But what I didn't expect was how they chose to start the next song immediately after the one chosen for the side then quickly fade to black AND do it on both sides. Oh, those cheeky monkeys! (*Perpetrator Records, P.O. Box 68-984 Newton, Auckland New Zealand*). **D**

Thanks for coming along on the voyage—we blast off again next month!

THE CORPORATION - HELLO COOL WORLD - KATHERINE DODDS - THE CORPORATION - HELLO COOL WORLD - KATHERINE DODDS - THE CORPORATION - HELLO COOL WORLD - KATHERINE DODDS

CINEMA ASPIRANT

by
ALLAN MacINNIS

Illustrations
by Melanie Coles



I recently discovered something odd and delightful. Nearly all of the most politically engaged, intellectually stimulating, and inspiring documentaries I've seen in the last five years are being promoted by the same rather remarkable Vancouverite, Katherine Dodds. Dodds has two companies of note: Good Company, which used viral marketing via the internet to promote *The Corporation*, and Hello Cool World, whose website includes films like the intense and disturbing *Winter Soldier*, an essential film about the Vietnam war that I've written about here previously. Dodds' work as an advertiser is entirely tied to causes she believes in, and she has an energetic, hyper-articulate manner that is difficult to match. With several new titles on her site, including the compelling *Manufactured Landscapes*, and an upcoming two disc, extra-laden re-release of the landmark film about Noam Chomsky, *Manufacturing Consent*, it seemed an ideal time to check in.

Dodds' long-term model for promoting films began "almost ten years ago, when *The Corporation* was just a germ of an idea. It was basically years in the funding, and then years in the making, and my role during those early years was as friend and communications consultant. Then, as it came closer to being released, I also raised the money for the new

media component and became the producer of the website. And then! I moved onto taking what money there was for publicity and leveraging it into what became a fairly substantial promotions budget for a documentary. What I did was somewhat unprecedented, because I was in the position of having produced the money that I then got to spend."

Dodds' work on *The Corporation*, collecting email addresses and building a strong grassroots network (and audience), put her "on the map" and led to her promoting *The Take*, a film about worker-occupied factories in Argentina, made by Avi Lewis and Naomi Klein. "I had done PR for a lot of documentaries before that, but it wasn't turning it into its own mission, which Hello Cool World has become." Hello Cool World's mission statement is "Ideas to Audiences, Audiences to Action, and Action to Outcome."

One manifestation of this is the Campaign for Corporate Harm Reduction, which, Dodds explains, "is us saying that we want to find a way to sustain this network post-launch. While I can say, 'Yay, we managed to get money to launch the film,' that money, after a year, was gone. So what we're trying to do now is figure out how we can sustain the momentum of all these people, who asked two questions endlessly in the year *The Corporation* was released: 'What can I do,' and 'When can I buy the DVD?'" (Continued on next page)



continued

COPYRIGHT

by GREG
McMULLEN

It's easy to generate a list of Canadian stereotypes—delightful images of hockey, maple syrup, dog sleds, and Celine Dion spring to mind immediately. However, in recent weeks a new character has been added to the national roster—callous movie pirates. Reports in many media outlets, from the CBC to the *National Post*, have suggested that we sneaky Canadians have been busy beavers indeed, surreptitiously bringing camcorders into our theatres. Once inside, we record the latest Hollywood cultural gems, then let the Hell's Angels, Rock Machine, or horror of horrors, al-Qaeda, sell the resulting knockoff DVDs at discount prices.

Pearmongers from Hollywood and their allies in Washington have unveiled a media campaign, painting Canadians as sinister infringers of copyright in an effort to bolster their lobbying campaigns in Ottawa. They hope to get Canada to adopt new legislation to "get tough" on piracy. Recently, the U.S. ambassador to Canada went on record insisting that Canada bring in tougher copyright laws, claiming that our provisions are "the weakest of the G7 countries" and that piracy costs our economy \$10-30 billion a year. Canada has been added to a "priority watch list" of copyright villains, including China, famous for cheaply available bootleg DVDs, and Russia, home of the much-maligned AlloMP3.com, a discount music store that the recording industry claims is completely illegitimate. The head of 20th Century Fox has even threatened to delay movie releases in Canada in order to keep early copies out of the hands of DVD pirates. The prospect of waiting an extra month or two to see the new Rob Schneider opus and the inflated talk of law and order might have some Canadians ready to look up pirates and throw away the key, but there are problems for the industry groups—the numbers they use are grossly exaggerated and Canadian laws already prohibit the criminal behavior of selling bootlegged copies of DVDs.

Let's look at the statistics thrown out by the movie industry. They suggest that 50% of all pre-release bootleg DVDs can be traced to camcording in Canadian theatres. Strangely, this doesn't seem to jive with earlier industry statistics, which peg that number at closer to 30%. If this smokescreen isn't enough to rouse your suspicions, studies done by AT&T Labs suggest that 77% of pirated movies come from DVDs given to industry insiders, hardly the stealthy theatre pirates portrayed in the recent media blitz. As for the ambassador's numbers, there is no indication of how he reached this \$30 billion estimate or how pirated media could cost us 50% of our gross domestic product.

Michael Geist, a prominent copyright activist and Canada Research Chair at the University of Ottawa, did

some research of his own, examining the actual economic harm caused by Canadian piracy. He suggests that camcording has a relatively minimal impact on the industry's bottom line, as the quality of these copies is generally very poor. Even when DVDs made by camcorder are released, pirates quickly move on in search of illicit copies of the official DVD version, favouring the drastically increased quality. He also suggests that while box office numbers are dwindling, the movie industry's earnings have increased overall. The ease and quality offered by legitimate DVD home viewing could be keeping people out of crowded, noisy theatres as much as the availability of poorly recorded DVD bootlegs.

What about the existing law in Canada? Five years in jail and a million dollar fine. That's the current maximum penalty for camcording a movie for commercial purposes. Still, Hollywood and U.S. senators are pushing for tighter laws with stiffer penalties. The current law requires that prosecutors prove that the accused camcorderer intends to distribute the copy commercially, sticking with our "innocent until proven guilty" values. One of the proposed changes would see that onus reversed, forcing anyone caught with a recording device in a theatre to prove that they're not going to be selling a copy of the movie.

We have to keep things in perspective here—we're talking about movies. There already are stiff criminal sanctions against camcording. The problem is far less severe than the movie industry would like to admit, both in terms of volume and financial impact. Producing and selling DVD bootlegs is a crime. It should be a crime, and those caught doing it should face criminal sanctions. However, we have to be careful about how far we go to limit this behaviour. The existing criminal sanctions are tough, and doing things like reversing the burden of proof is a dangerous challenge to the principles of liberty. Is preventing copyright infringement worth the risk to fundamental justice?

Tougher laws raise serious questions about what hon-

It's pretty easy to buy the DVD now, but questions from people concerned about corporate abuses still flood in. Dodds reports that they have received "about 300" feedback forms from people who held "Corporation house parties" to discuss the film and "what, strategically, we can do about the institution and the problems the film exposed. What we're trying to do is sustain a base by which we can review some of the feedback we've had. I keep hearing things about what has happened because of the film, but there'd be a lot more outcome stories if we were able to do that research."

One singularly inspiring outcome story Dodds offers involves the issue of corporate personhood. This legal gaffe is "one of the root causes of corporate harm that the film presents," by which corporations are granted "rights" like any individual—a problematic status, which a lot of activists have been working to revoke. "Last year," Dodds tells me, "I met a human rights lawyer from Seattle who said, 'By the way, I saw one of the rough cuts [of *The Corporation*], and because of that film, I had some input into the Democratic Party platform for the State of Washington, and we put the issue of corporate personhood on, and it got passed.' Having it on a state-wide political agenda is huge, it's major, and I found out about that by accident. We would like to be able to look for those stories."

Mongrel Media distributes the Canadian version of *The Corporation* and is behind the forthcoming Canadian release of *Manufacturing Consent* (a film that sparked Dodds' career

in media and is the reason that she and *The Corporation*'s Mark Achbar first met.). Mongrel also hooked up with Good Company on the Vancouver-made *Scared Sacred* and *Jesus Camp*, a scary documentary about the religious right in the USA. Mongrel and Dodds also united on the more recent *Manufactured Landscapes*—which follows photographer Edward Burtynsky to China, where he captures some truly stunning, and often horrifying, images of how industry is transforming the planet.

More fun is Gary Burns' *Radiant City*. A sly, incisive, and funny dissection of suburbia, it won the Special Jury Prize for Best Documentary at the 2006 VIFF and is running from April 6th through 12th at the Vancity Theatre. I loved it, and, having grown up in Maple Ridge, found it depressingly accurate. The film goes beyond the normal barrel-shot, looking at urban planning, the semiotics of the suburbs, and peak oil—which is the theme of another great documentary that played last fest, *A Crude Awakening*. No surprise—the ubiquitous Dodds is behind promoting that, too.

The full text of my interview with Ms. Dodds is viewable on my blog, at alienatedinvancover.blogspot.com (she is baffled at my branding myself thus). Be sure also to visit hellocool-world.com and check out its various campaigns; some of the proceeds from DVDs bought through the site go to the Campaign for Corporate Harm Reduction. **D**

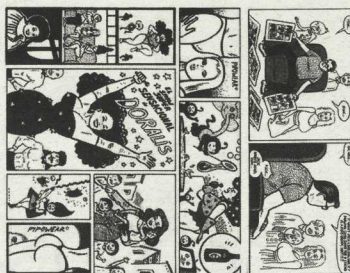
est moviegoers will be able to do in the theatre. Cellphones with video capabilities are almost universal now, and digital cameras capable of holding hours of video are common as well. Will we be asked to check our gadgets at the ticket counter? Why should we trust them with an expensive and personal piece of electronics when they won't trust us not to copy their film?

Perhaps the biggest problem is that when faced with a challenge, the movie industry continues to treat its best customers as its biggest enemies. Anyone who has gone to see a film in the theatre in recent years has seen the carrot and stick of public service announcements featuring a hard-working stunt worker asking us to think of his children before pirating films. These tear-jerkers are usually paired with ads equating downloading films with purse snatching and car theft. DVD releases feature similar PSAs that are completely unskippable, meaning that every time you want to watch the Hollywood hit you paid \$15 to watch in a theatre or \$30 to own, you have to sit through a lecture about why copyright infringement is wrong. There's a fundamental flaw in this model—if you pay for a movie, you're actually getting a product that's worse than what you'd have if you downloaded it or bought a DVD bootleg.

What needs to change is the way studios do business. Right now the assumption is that if movie ticket sales drop, it's because people are stealing movies. This is deeply flawed logic. Maybe we're renting from Blockbuster. Maybe we're sick of overpriced popcorn and people chatting on their cellphones. Maybe we're playing video games or reading blogs. Maybe the majority of movies being released are steaming piles of shit that are exceedingly unworthy of our attention. Come up with some ways to get us back in the theatre. Give us the excitement of the early days of the moving picture and moviegoers will return in droves. Give us value that can't be downloaded and DVD sales and rentals will increase. Changing laws can't make up for years of disrespecting the customer, but a change in attitude can. **D**

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

LOVE AND ROCKETS | THE COLD PANES OF SURFACES | JEAN BAUDRILLARD



LOVE AND ROCKETS

by Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez
Fantagraphics

Love and Rockets isn't just some crappy band spun out from gothic vanguards Bauhaus—the name originally comes from a comic series founded by two brothers in California. Starting out with a series of magical realism stories, sci-fi, and some great cheesecake art, Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez quickly gained notoriety as innovators within the underground comics genre. Over the last 25 years, the brothers have gone from the new guys on the scene to the pillars of the community, setting new standards for storytelling. The brothers' status as Mexican-American creators gives them a unique storytelling viewpoint otherwise lacking in the comics sphere. While they initially self-published their work, a copy of their first book sent for review to the *Comics Journal* ended up getting them published by a young maverick publisher, Fantagraphics. To commemorate the 25th anniversary and expose new readers to the magic that is *Love and Rockets*, Fantagraphics has re-collected the first storylines into two affordable books, to be followed up by more collections reprinting the classic series. *Maggie the Mechanic* by Jaime and *Heartbreak Soup* by Gilbert start the project on strong feet.

Jaime's early work on *Love and Rockets* was a mix of sci-fi fun and serial adventure, which quickly shifted gears into a dramatic, character-driven narrative. On first glance, Lucas, his ongoing storyline, is a mildly soap-opera narrative focusing on a small group of friends. On further enjoyment and examination, Jaime has created a series that explores complex characters, seeking to understand their faults and glories. In addition to his evocative storytelling, one of my favourite things about Jaime's work is his ability to draw perfectly. That may sound like an odd statement, but it's true. I had the chance to look at an original page of his work and it was pristine—no white, just an incredible use of blacks. This collection is especially neat because it details his development from a young, adventure comic-influenced illustrator to a modern master. But don't just go for the art; go for the story. The exploits of *Maggie*, a young, broke, Latina punk rocker is a unique look into a culture that most readers wouldn't otherwise experience. All of the characters take on a life of their own, and it turns out to be an incredible world spun from one man's mind.

While Jaime's work reflects his own life growing up in California, Gilbert develops a whole new world of magic, poverty, and a community in transition. Gilbert's creations are based in the small Mexican village of Palomar, introducing us to unique characters and families that span a storyline over several generations. Gilbert's work is a little more of a challenge to get into, but it's a challenge that satisfies. The epic starts out with the introduction of the buxom Luba. The dynamic sexuality of Luba sets the men in town all aflutter and emotions abound. In discussions about his *Palomar* storyline, Gilbert has said that he wanted to show people what life is like in a small poverty-stricken village in Mexico. It's a whole different lifestyle, one that places great

importance on community and family. Throughout the different struggles that face the community, people manage to stick by each other. Over the last 25 years' Palomar has developed from its small town roots to the big city, as the lead characters move to L.A. and undergo the immigrant experience. His ability to tell such a dynamic, complicated story is no easy feat, and *Heartbreak Soup* is a must-read.

The work that Jaime and Gilbert have put together has left a lasting influence on the comics industry. The publishing of *Love and Rockets* showed other creators a new way of doing comics. Without the work of a couple of brothers from California, comics would be nowhere near as interesting as they are today. And Daniel Ash would have to find a different name for his band.

Remember to listen to the Inkstudz radio show every Thursday at 2pm on CITR or online at www.inkstudz.com, and be sure to check out my interview with Jaime Hernandez.

by Robin McConnell

there is
a reason
why the
general
public
has a bad
attitude
towards
poetry.

THE COLD PANES OF SURFACES

by Chris Banks
Nightwood Editions, 2006

There is a reason why the general public has a bad attitude toward poetry. There is also a reason why poets are widely regarded as insufferable, self-important drips—the kind of individual you wouldn't want to be stuck talking to at a party, for instance. That stereotype persists amongst even highly literate people, and even though I sometimes call myself a poet, I can't blame them. The reason is that books like this one, from thirty-something Canadian poet Chris Banks, continue to get published.

Nightwood Editions, the press responsible for this horrible misstep, operates out of Gibsons, BC, and usually has a very good reputation for putting out award-winning books by young poets like Matt Rader, Elizabeth Bachinsky, and Alayna Munce. The *Cold Panes of Surfaces* seems to have been fairly warmly received elsewhere, but the list of unforgivable poetry crimes Banks commits in this slim volume is long and painful. Here it is:

1) Writing poetry about the act of writing poetry. Banks does this often, throughout, beginning with the collection's first poem, "Divination," in which our attention is called to "the poem written there," in the poem's last line. It is written in "moonlight's white / book," no less. An important sub-crime is the namedropping of dead, canonical poets within the text. Banks seems particularly obsessed with Wordsworth and even offers "My Own Private Tintern Abbey." In this bland, grasping, modern-day pastiche of the English poet's most studied piece, Banks gives us this gem: "But might it not also be that a river is a home one recognizes / instantly, like to like, for its transitory nature, its beauty, / for the energy that pushes its current is the same one / stirring our blood?" Come on. Brighter stuff comes out of the mouths of first-year English Lit students every day.

2) Trotting out tired Canadiana and pretending to give it a fresh twist. This includes writing anything about moose, or hawks. As in "Ghost Moose" or "Red-tailed Hawk Elementary School." While nature will always be an inspiration to artists and writers, there is a way express this fact without retreading ground that was last broken, in this country, sometime in the 1940s.

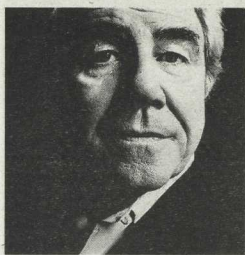
3) Turning abstract nouns into proper nouns, complete with capital letters, as Banks does here with Ages, Memory, Desire, and Natural Beauty. There is an air of forced sanctity throughout the book that seems lodged somewhere in the 18th century, along with puffy sleeves and consumptive gaze.

4) Stale fascination with Eastern culture. It seems that Banks has TSE/LT/TOEPL disease. He's apparently spent time in Korea and/or Japan doing the English teaching stint so common to overeducated Canadians, and he has managed to come back with the weird notion that he can write about a "Mountain Temple" or 15th century Buddhist poet-priest Ikkyu without sounding like Captain Colonial.

5) Writing, as a young male poet, about maleness and masculinity with absolutely no balls whatsoever. Considering that currently Canada is teeming with awesome young male poets (e.g. David O'Meara, Ken Babstock), I see this as the most heinous crime of the bunch. The bleakest example is "Ghost Moose" (already guilty of other crimes; see above) in which the speaker remembers seeing a trio of hunters showboating over their kill. The stunningly clunky lines "I know now such swagger is often just a cover for the difficulty of male / friendships, the immunity some men feel to suffering" plead with us to see some profundity in the experience, but Banks' psychobabble is anemic and awkward and downright embarrassing.

To be fair, Banks does present some interesting images in places. A "cubist bear corpse" shows up in "Roadkill." Insects have "hum-bucking bones" in "Tafelmusk." But for the most part, this book confirms all the terrible things about contemporary poetry I wish weren't still, occasionally, true.

by Regan Taylor



A SIMULATED LIFE
RIP Jean Baudrillard (1929-2007)

Jean Baudrillard's death on March 6th, 2007 unleashed a torrent of obituaries, critical essays and blog posts about the importance of the man and his work. These responses range from the hero worship of theory geeks to brutally dismissive retorts from the media and more "traditional" philosophers. In many ways, this divisive reaction is entirely predictable, and also perhaps the only outcome that Baudrillard would have seen fit.

That is, what people are mourning or lambasting—to jack terminology from the deceased—is the simulacrum of Jean Baudrillard. Not unlike corporate culture, critical theory has become a giant battle of brand names, in which substance is overcome by surface. No matter how complex and nuanced the work of a thinker like Baudrillard may be, it is invariably reduced to an easily consumable idea, a hyperreal image. The varying reactions to Baudrillard's death are as much a response to the post-industrial system that constructs Baudrillard™ as they are measured considerations of the philosopher's work on the Hyperreal. As a way to mark his death, I'd like to discuss both of these positions—the worship and the hate—to consider a fuller picture of Baudrillard.

As far as I can tell, there are two major schools of the Baudrillard hate-on: those who do not understand him and the people who understand him all too well. In the former category, I'd lump in all sorts of critics from the media, the conservatives and many humanist liberals. The media, especially its English-speaking Western incarnation, tends to equate Baudrillard with his two "celebrity" moments: his famous pronouncement that the Gulf War (the 1991-92 permutation) did not take place, and his influence on *The Matrix*, a film he hated and derided as "the kind of film about the matrix that the matrix would have been able to produce." By boiling down Baudrillard to only these two facts, the media reduces his contributions to mere artifice, popular fluff and the absurd ravings of an out-of-touch (is there any other kind?) French philosopher. But those moments are more than just misguided ad campaigns for Baudrillard™—they fit into his larger intellectual project of questioning the importance of the subject, turning instead towards a study of the object (a crucial and massive shift in philosophy).

Conservatives and liberals hate him for the same reason: his soul-crushing and outwardly nihilistic view of the present, which can be thought of as a postmodern counterbalance to Marshall McLuhan's hope for technological salvation. If you think of the modern world in terms of simulacra, simulations and hyperreality, you are, at once, attacking both traditionally liberal views of natural rights and humanism alongside conservative notions of tradition and history. To put it another way, if he was a rapper, Baudrillard would be Malice of the Clipse, rather than, say, Young Jeezy. He'd be much more interested in stark textures, sinister style and gloomy beats than Jeezy's inspirational demand for us to seize the will to power and make a difference. When read through traditionally liberal and conservative viewpoints, Baudrillard's work is unsettling because it rejects many of the foundational premises of both political wings.

The category of Baudrillard haters who know him very well is much more complex, obscure and unnecessarily academic, but it's important to get an overview of this side of the issue. Put simply, Baudrillard existed outside of the centre of continental philosophy for much of his career. He taught German before switching to a position in sociology at the experimental University of Nanterre, finally landing in a more traditional place at the University of Paris-IX Dauphine. By the time he settled into the confines of this university, he had already become a pop philosopher and a burgeoning icon. Publication of books like *Forget Foucault* (a short essay that dismisses The Man of theory as well as chiding the influential work of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari) cemented his status outside the locus of philosophy typified then by Foucault, Lacan and Derrida. The overworlds of continental philosophy (and their students and acolytes) ruthlessly poked holes in his thought, denouncing his work as well-written and poetic trifle—a charge that Baudrillard himself levied at Foucault.

The thing is, Baudrillard didn't really consider his work as philosophy but rather as "theory fiction," a kind of creative writing concerned with the most important issues of the world (hyperreality, globalization, seduction) in a way that philosophy and critical theory has shied away from. It's probably best then to think about Baudrillard™ as a convincing and talented author brand. He was, in other words, neither a heroic nor detestable figure, but a dystopic poet trapped in a theorist's body, trying to make sense of the ether of the Hyperreal. **d**

by Graham Preston

THE LAMPLIGHTER

SUNDAY APRIL 01 CRAFTSMAN TATTOO ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY! ULTRA VIXEN BURLESQUE DANCERS, DJs, GUESTS.

TUESDAY APRIL 03 HOLLOW LOGO

THURSDAY APRIL 05 SPM MUSIC PRESENTS ETHER'S VOID, UNDER THE SUN, THE GOOD SISTER

FRIDAY APRIL 06 IMU PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS: CRYSTAL PISTOL, UNDERIDE, THE PRICE OF DRUGS THESE DAYS IS THROUGH THE ROOF, MURDER CITY SPARROWS

SATURDAY APRIL 07 IMU PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS: VOITZ, THE FLAIRS, READY SET DIE, NIKKI HURST, JENNIFER DOLLS ROCK 'N ROLL BURLESQUE

SUNDAY APRIL 08 THE ROBOT ATE ME (SRC), RUN CHICO RUN, INTERNATIONAL FALLS

WEDNESDAY APRIL 11 TARKIN, JOEY ONLY OUTLAW BAND, SUMNER BROS.

THURSDAY APRIL 12 HISTORY OF SEX TRADE WORKERS IN VANCOUVER: AN ART INSTALLATION AND SHOW: BURLESQUE DANCERS, A PIANIST AND VARIOUS SINGERS

FRIDAY APRIL 13 FIREBALL PRODUCTIONS PRESENT: INFERNAL MAJESTY, TYRANT'S BLOOD

SATURDAY APRIL 14 SPM MUSIC PRESENTS: NOIZE TRIBE ZERO CD RELEASE PARTY WITH SIMIAN RUE, FMTA, IAN JONSTONE BAND

SUNDAY APRIL 15 SEALED WITH A KISS PRESENTS THE CAVE SINGERS (EX-MEMBERS OF PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES), GUESTS

TUESDAY APRIL 17 INDIE FOLK NIGHT WITH HELENA ALOCK, SEAN WESLEY WOOD, BURNSIDE, CHRIS SMITH, RONNIE OLSEN

WEDNESDAY APRIL 18 EDMUND, SHINE ON, REASONABLE MEN

THURSDAY APRIL 19 PETE SAMPLES (VINYL REPUBLIC), SINEWAVE, PHONTAINE

FRIDAY APRIL 20 RIDDIM RIDERS 4/20 PARTY! DJs, LIVE REGGAE BAND

SATURDAY APRIL 21 IMU PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS: WINSTON CD RELEASE PARTY WITH SPECIAL GUESTS, THE CLIPS, TBA

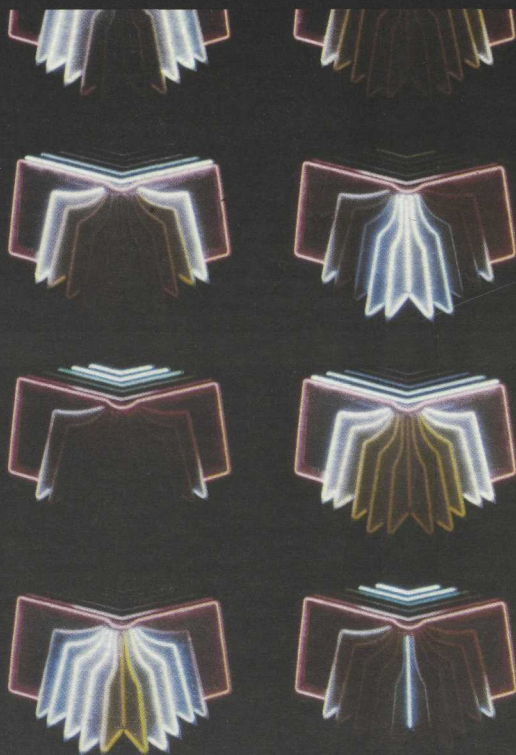
WEDNESDAY APRIL 25 GO-TIME PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS: SCHOOL'S OUT FOR THE SUMMER PARTY WITH TAY MACRAE, JASON GRAYAM, DELANIE, WES KASTR

THURSDAY APRIL 26 BLACK SKYLINE PRESENTS: HOT BLOOD BOMBERS, THE FURY AND THE MOUSE, ALL PURPOSE VOLTAGE HEROES, GUESTS

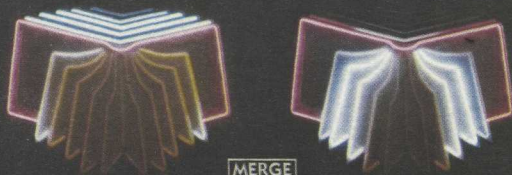
FRIDAY APRIL 27 SPM MUSIC PRESENTS: CALLAHAN, SECONDS TO GO, LIVES OF THE MANY, TENANT

SATURDAY APRIL 28 FIREBALL PRODUCTIONS PRESENT: CRADLE TO GRAVE, GUESTS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
210 ABBOTT ST ★ www.thelamplighter.ca
604.681.6666 ★ IN HISTORIC GASTOWN



ARCADE FIRE
NEON BIBLE



MERGE
RECORDS

OUT MARCH 6 ON CD, LTD. ED. DELUXE CD & 180-GRAM VINYL





VANCOUVER'S #1 NIGHTCLUB
BEST MUSIC - BEST SOUND - BEST DJ'S

SPECIAL EVENTS

SUNDAY, APRIL 8
PAJAMA JAM Share your pajamas!
TOP 40 | DANCE | RETRO | ROCK **DJ DAVE**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11
A DISCO FUNK BOOGIE I'M RICK JAM!
CHICLET - MO'VELVET
JAZZ, SOUL, DANCE, R&B, DISCO, FUNK, HIP HOP
TICKETS AT THE DOOR

TUESDAY, APRIL 17
FISHBONE
PLUS
FIVE ALARM FUNK
JAZZ, SOUL, DANCE, R&B, DISCO, FUNK, HIP HOP, RETRO, ROCK



WITH **DAVID HAWKES!**
80's & 90's Alternative Classics - British
New Rock - Dance - Rock - with DJ CZECH

\$4 CANADIAN **AXIN**

VISIT CFOK.COM TO GET ON THE VIP LIST
CONCERT TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR



Thursday, March 8th
THUNDERSTRUCK
WIZARD OF OZ
RAYZING SONS

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th
MALE MODEL MACHINE
MUSIC BY
TIMELINE
RHIA WELLSBELOVE

THAT 80's Night
WED, APRIL 25TH
Live Retro Nightline (starts)
Tainted Love
\$4 HIGHBALLS \$6 ALL BEERS

Sunday, May 20
DAVE SEAMAN
(1st @ Clubhouse.com, Clubhouse.com, Downtown, Headliner)

FRIDAY
Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop
Dance - Old Skool
J-SWING
(THE BEAT) 2006 STYLUS AWARDS BEST DJ
DJ DAVE

SATURDAY
Top 40 - R&B
Hip Hop - Dance
DJ TANNER

CONSTANTINES
COMING APRIL 12th
Tickets on sale now
@ Clubhouse.com, Zulu, Seattle, Highlife
ALSO-SAY-GIVE-RIVER
LATVIMUSIC

econoline crush
ON TUESDAY
with guests
art of dying
Thursday, April 19th
admission: \$10 (all cash, no change)

IPANURGE
CFOK - ROCKED THURSDAYS PRESENT
THURSDAY, APRIL 26th
WITH
NO LUCK CLUB IT'S A LIVING THING
TICKETS AT CLUBHOUSE.COM

Thursday, May 3rd
JOSEPH ARTHUR
STARS OF TRACK & FIELD
discotmaster ON CALL 604-280-4444

UPCOMING CONCERTS & EVENTS

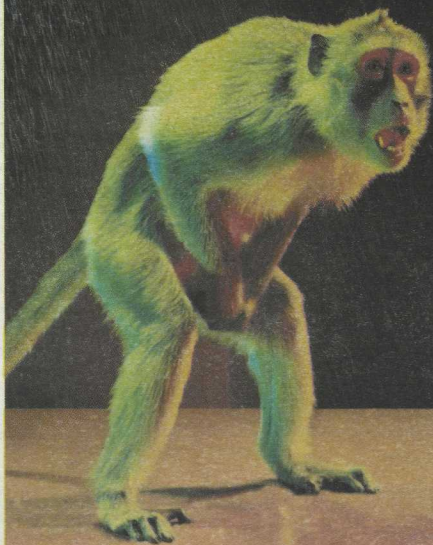
APRIL RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY PRESENTS: CUT CHEMIST - 04/04 | ANBERLIN - 04/16
MAY JAMES ZABIELA & NIG SANCILLI - 05/02 | MANDO DIAO - 05/05 | TAPES 'N' TAPES - 05/06
THE VIEW - 05/12 | EVERCLEAR - 05/13 | BOBNOXIOUS - 05/14 | EL-P - 05/15
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE - 05/22 | CANCER BATS, THE END, JOHNNY TRIJUAN - 05/24
ELECTRALANE - 05/27

Get on the VIP/Guest list + Event/Party/Fundraiser bookings

604.646.0064 WWW.PLAZACLUB.NET 881 GRANVILLE STREET

GRINDERMAN

NICK CAVE, WARREN ELLIS, MARTYN CASEY, JIM SCLAVUNOS



RELEASED 10 APRIL

CD / LP / DIGITAL DOWNLOAD

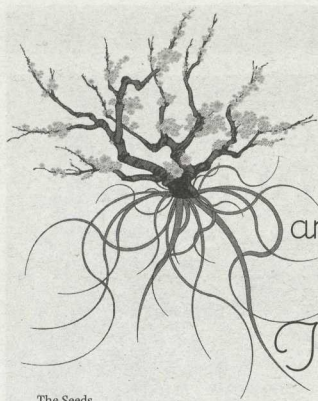
'FEROCIOUSLY EXCITING
DEBUT ALBUM'

THE UK OBSERVER

**BUY THE NEW GRINDERMAN CD AND
GET A FREE POSTER AT THESE STORES!**

Victoria: **DITCH** 635 Johnson St.
Vancouver: **RED CAT** 4307 Main St.
(while supplies last)





MIX TAPE

Open
and Closing
by Kara Peet

The Seeds
Can't Seem to Make You Mine

The Bats
Had to Be You

Faust
*Rauft, Heist, Das Es Rauft
Oder Es Kommt Bald, Rauft*

The Incredible String Band
Painting Box

Six Organs of Admittance
TJ

Forever Amber
The Dreamer Flies Backwards

The 13th Floor Elevators
Nobody to Love

The Homosexuals
Making Eyes

Can
Spoon

Young Marble Giants
N.I.A.

The Clean
Slug Song

Angel in Heavy Syrup
First Love

Tiger Trap
You and Me

My Bloody Valentine
Honey Powder

It's happening: crocus blooms, winter thaws into the first jacketless day of March, yellow daffodils and seemingly harmless post-commitment coffees. It always starts this way, but these innocuous springtime indications have the tendency to grow into an enormous magnolia tree of rosy crush-fantasy blossoms before too long. Yes, I've been suffering from wintertime doldrums, but I swear my response to the new season is something more than just recognition of colour and fairer weather. It's not just my imagination or heightened sensitivity—Biology Eleven gave me at least enough scientific information to conclude that bright pink and yellow petals are unambiguous sexual signals, each whispering "pollinate me." At any rate, all this seasonal responsiveness usually engenders a full-blown infatuation or two by the time the cherry trees have blossomed.

I have noticed through my experience with seasonal sensitivity that spring romances are subject to many of the same perils as cherry blossoms: at any time a barrage of rain or a strong gust of wind threatens to shake springtime ecstasy to the pavement. It's all about the thrilling extremities, either sweet consummation or an allergy attack brought on by errant pollen. And to be sure the real spring infatuation is limited to a few short weeks, most of which will probably be rainy days spent inside languishing and longing instead of loving—but when the sun is revealed, you're jacketless and your fingers graze the one you adore, and it's clear that springtime is undeniably sublime.

For all those who are equally affected by spring's clamouring, here's a bit of psychedelia to say that I commiserate. I hope you find that it mirrors the kaleidoscopic maelstrom of this most desirous of seasons. Here's to the possibility of springtime opening petal by petal. **d**

D

Blackberry Wood

Alt-Country with a
Hip-Hop backbone

buy CD's at
ZULU
High Life
RedCat
and
Noize



**B
L
A
C
K
B
E
R
Y**

Gigs!!!

April 13
the Railway Club

April 20th
Cafe Deux soleils

May 11th
the Chapel

May 18th
the Fairview

**W
O
O
D**

Buck 65 says "Bunkers"
check it out!

[www.myspace.com/
blackberrywood](http://www.myspace.com/blackberrywood)
or Contact us:
blackberrywood@yahoo.ca

Blackberry Wood

DIRECT YOUR LUSTY FINGERS TO discorder.ca TO TASTE THE FRUITS OF SPRING.

Cris Derksen

by Mono Brown

For a long time, nobody seemed too willing to explore the possibilities offered to indie rock by a solid string section, except perhaps Montréal post-rockers Godspeed You Black Emperor! Yet even then strings still appeared an exception to the rule. These days, though, scads of enthusiasts regularly pack sold-out solo performances by quirky musicians on interesting instruments, and not only by Canada's violinist laureate, the ever-mentionable Owen Pallett of *Final Fantasy*.

These days, both Owen and his colleagues have a better home in pop music than ever before. Not just there to shade in the refrain of some Smashing Pumpkins hit, classically-trained string musicians head the creative class, balancing challenging and iconic personal projects (think Patrick Wolf) with the arrangement of string parts for larger art rock ensembles (Marika Anthony-Shaw of both Arcade Fire and Belle Orchestre). Even rarer than these tag-teaming musicians, though, are string enthusiasts willing to try their hand at just about any score. Few musicians seem even capable of making the time for the many genres and styles that colour the musical CV of East Van's own persona cellist, Cris Derksen.

Currently a principle cellist of the UBC Symphony Orchestra and well on her way to a Bachelor of Music, Cris remains a mainstay of musical collaboration in the Lower Mainland and beyond, having recorded with the likes of Rae Spoon, Kinnie Starr, Josh and Amber of Black Mountain, Ladyhawk, E.S.L., The Approach, and Girl Nobody, as well as Native composer Russell Wallace.

In a rare off-hour, Cris and I caught up on her comings-and-goings of another year rife with musical possibility, on the pros and cons of classical training, and on striking a delicate balance between solo performance and community involvement.

You did a whole lot in 2006, and will do a whole lot more in 2007. What were last year's best of the best?

Last year? Hmmm. I can barely remember last year. The Folk Fest was always good. Vancouver Folk Fest. Oh, Kanye West was 2006. So that was a good gig.

Is there a short list for the potential best project of 2007?

Yeah, there's a show with Tanya Tagaq [at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre in March]. I'm going up to Bamfield to a festival, and you have to get there on a yacht. And then I [already] went to Calgary and stayed at the Palliser Hotel. That was fancy.

Besides playing along a lot of different avenues in Vancouver, you straddle a number of different communities as a musician. What has been your philosophy on and approach to musical multitasking?

Well, I want to be able to do it all. I think it's important to be flexible musically, and it gives you a lot more enjoyment if you do a little bit of everything. It's not like I'm the best country cellist at all, but it's good to practice. It's good to expand. I get that question a bit about straddling different communities, and I don't know, it just makes me more employable.

Okay, customary question about the looping pedal in two parts. Easy part first: what kind of pedals and gear do you use on stage when you perform solo?

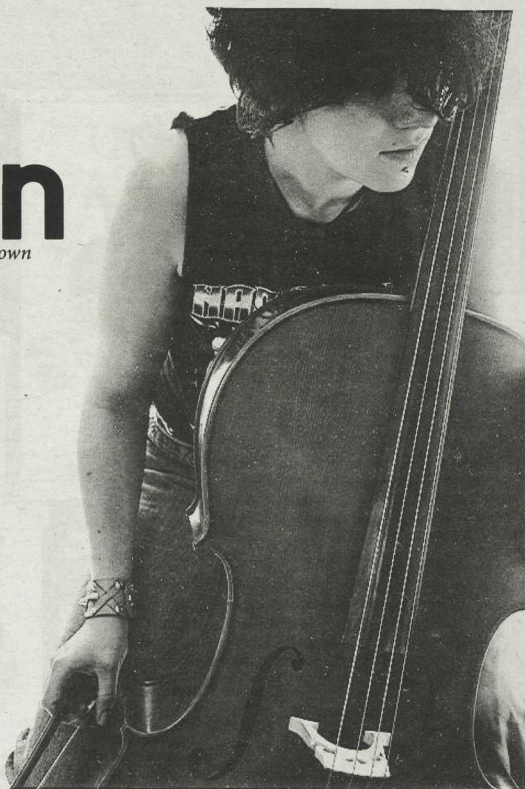
I use the Boss Loop Station, it's like RXL20, and then I use the Boss MU50, which is a basic effects pedal. I just got it, like, last week. It has delays and chorus and octave phaser, flanger, whatever. It's got a little bit of everything on it.

And looping pedal question part the second: how were you inspired to join the litany of string instrumentalists who use one in their performances?

Well, fuck. Okay, classical music is so linear, it's so straight, one line, "this is the melody and that's about it." Sometimes you play with other people and you get harmony but it's very, very linear, and with a loop station it's more spherical. You can build on something and then take it down too. It gives it more shape. It gives you way more options.

On to quick facts. What plays through your headphones most these days?

I just lost my discman. I was sad because it was my favourite CD in it (actually, it was my roommate's CD). On that was Kaki King and the Stars. And, ooh, Lori Anderson. I've been listening to her a lot these days. Lori



Here Cris Derksen and her cello at whoserecords.com/crisderksen or myspace.com/crisderksen.

Anderson is old school. She's married to Lou Reed and she did all this looping stuff before it was really possible.

She did it all in studio, and it's fucking rad. She plays violin and, like, saxophone or something weird. I don't know but she used a lot of looping effects before they were easily usable, which I find very impressive.

Best performer or ensemble to support in Vancouver this 2007? Besides you, except that you might be involved in a bunch of them.

I want to say my friends. Better Friends than Lovers are really endearing. Oh, a good Vancouver act to support is Amber and Josh [of Black Mountain].

Favourite place to play a cello?
My bedroom.

Degrees in music, yay or nay, and why?

Both. To get a degree in music is beneficial for the technique that you gain by taking classical studies intensively. You learn a lot of technique, and all of the theory is important, but it's not necessary. I want to straddle the fence while saying that a classical degree is worth it. I think it's only worth it to a point, and then you have to make [music] your own. **D**

Greenbelt Collective

by Will Pedley



Photos by Besh

"Eeeee!" A piercing whistle can be heard from the kitchen as the kettle comes to a boil, interrupting the start of the interview. "What is that?" exclaims Besh, guitarist and leader of the Greenbelt Collective. "That's the kettle. Isn't it awful?" replies xylophone player, Karina. Along with drummer and multi-instrumentalist Jeff, the trio begins to harmonize with the kettle's shrill and strangely somber tone. Besh then tries to pick the note out on the guitar. "Is this the note? Can you make the kettle boil again? The layers of my tone deafness are peeling away!" Karina dashes back to the kitchen, and soon the kettle boils again. With guitars in hand, Besh and Jeff initiate an impromptu mini-jam based off

the note emitting from the kettle. "I wonder who decided to put the kettle in B?" enquires Besh. "Maybe we should play live with the kettle." Jeff jokes. "If I ever make a kettle it's going to be in F#!" Besh declares.

This little episode perfectly captures the Greenbelt Collective's sense of fun and their love for the simple enjoyment of making music together—they're inspired by something as quaint and ordinary as making tea. "We like singing songs about cycling and knitting, kittens and summer days! There's a little bit of longing and dissonance as well; who doesn't like a little heartache in the mix?" says Karina, only partially joking.

The East Van-based group was formed by Besh just over a year ago. "I started writing in Montreal and got friends and family to pitch in, but the first real Greenbelt began in Vancouver. Before then all the members had just been forced to join in. We only played four or five times before I moved out here to the west coast," says the Ontario-born songwriter. "I felt that this idea I had to form a big group could be a really great thing. I came out here with it in mind that I would find people to join it and just see what happened." Besides Besh, Jeff and Karina, the group's current members include Geoff (guitar), Carly (keyboard), Mike (guitar), Nicki, Robin, Jon and Sharon (all playing various instruments). Other members occasionally rotate through the ranks, and guest appearances from local luminaries like Ryan McCormick of Collapsing Opposites are not uncommon.

While a host of musicians from varying backgrounds have played with the Greenbelt Collective, one of the band's distinct characteristics is that everybody in the group sings. The force of their united voices creates an irresistibly joyful and uplifting sound, unerringly reminiscent of Christian music. Fortunately, in this case, there is no religious motivation, campfires or bad sweaters. OK, there are the bad sweaters. Brimming with youthful exuberance and a playfulness that ignores any pretensions of technicality, the music instead focuses on uncomplicated and often repetitive songs with catchy melodies. But has there been a conscious decision to make music in this vein? "No," Jeff definitively states, "that's just the personality of the people. Nobody is really taking it too seriously; if they were then they wouldn't fit in. I don't think we have a goal in particular other than just to keep the band going."

Despite what Jeff says, they do of course have other goals. One of the primary aims is to avoid the exclusivity and sense of false celebrity that can be associated with be-

ing in a band. By adopting an open door policy, Greenbelt hopes to break down the barriers between audience and band. While the group's underlying motive is to be a democratic and inclusive co-operative, rallying all ten members together in pursuit of the same goal is a complicated task. "There are certainly key people," Besh says, and it's pretty clear who she's talking about. "Besh is the sole lyricist and writes all the basic songs. She usually has a creative vision for the how the music is supposed to sound," observes Karina. "Then the rest of us put in our suggestions and she says 'mmmm, no. I was more thinking like this.' Musically it is a collective, in the way that each person plays their individual parts the way they feel is right, whilst bearing in mind what works as a whole. Though the premise of the collective is that this is a democracy, there is a core of influence, which is Besh and Jeff, her musical partner. They bounce ideas off one another."

Jeff adds, "We do work as a collective; I don't know if they do all the time but every member should feel like they are able to speak up and say what they want." Besh agrees "I think it's true. It's still in the beginning of the process, we know where we want it to be and people are getting stronger as individuals." In the meantime, Besh seems a little reluctant to be the perceived leader of the band. "I would say that eventually it would be really great if it wasn't needed, but it still is at this stage. I think once people get more comfortable with playing their instruments the way they want to and start writing their own songs, I'll be able to take a step back and we'll all be able to get more out of it."

The band has recently completed recording sessions for their first album at the legendary Hive studios in Burnaby with engineer Jesse Gander. In addition to the core members, the disc features guest performances from fellow locals Ryan of Collapsing Opposites on saxo-

phone, Lise of Winterrimts on flute and two friends Calla and Chris, who flew all the way from the east coast to be involved with the recording.

The thirteen-song album has the working title *Our Homes*, and should be released sometime in May. Despite the impending release date, the band isn't concerned about finding a record label to put out the album for long. "We've been doing everything for ourselves" for so long now that we may as well keep on doing it that way," says Jeff. "I don't think we ever want to find ourselves in the situation where we become lazy about things. If we want to set up a tour, we'll set up a tour. We'd love to go to Japan; we'd love to go to Europe." For now, the Greenbelt Collective will have to settle for their usual schedule of frequent performances around Vancouver and the exciting prospect of a planned summer tour down the west coast of the US.

Despite their cross-continental origins and itinerant ambitions, the group's lyrics evoke images of community, comfort and familiarity. With their welcoming attitude and jolly disposition, the Greenbelt Collective's music is like a warm hug, a friendly embrace that instantly makes you feel at home. For aspiring musicians, they offer an alternate model for working as a band, and perhaps even a place to come and play. All this is neatly summed up in their name, which Besh explains is a reference "to the concept of greenbelt land, of protection, an isolated safe area around something chaotic and crazy." In a musical culture awash in cynicism and irony, the Greenbelt Collective is a welcome refuge.

By adopting an open door policy, Greenbelt hopes to break down the barriers between audience and band.



SANCTUARY
EVERY SUNDAY AT THE RED ROOM
STARTING APRIL 8
INDUSTRIAL
ELECTRO
ALTERNATIVE
EBM GOTH NEW WAVE
WITH DJS PANDEMONIUM
SOUND.WAV & R-LEX
 398 RICHARDS. DOORS 9
 FREE BEFORE 10 PM
 \$3.75 DRINKS. POOL

Photo by Besh



WWW.HELLCAT.COM

WWW.NEKROMANTIX.COM

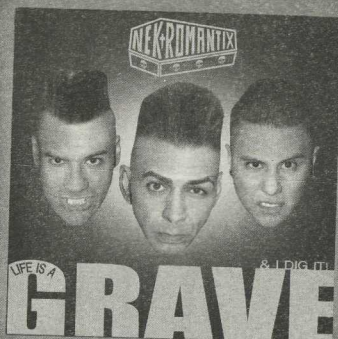
New
NEKROMANTIX album

"LIFE IS A **GRAVE** & I DIG IT!" ***Out now!***

on **HELLCAT** Records

†††

& I DIG IT



WWW.MYSPACE.COM/NEKROMANTIX

VANNA CURSES



A POST-HARDCORE WHIRLWIND OF DISCORDANT RIFFS, VICIOUS SCREAMS
AND BRUTAL BREAKDOWNS, INTERLACED WITH MELODY AND PASSION.

PRODUCED BY MATT BAYLES (NORMA JEAN, MASTADON, BOTCH)

AVAILABLE APRIL 24TH 2007 | ON TOUR THIS SPRING

www.epitaph.com | www.vannatheband.com



SUN MON TUES WED THUR FRI SAT

01

Kim Barlow CD Release
@ The Media Club
Pat Metheny & Brad Mehldau
@ The Orpheum Theatre

05

Great Lake Swimmers @ Richard's on Richards
Ethers Vold, UNDER THE SUN,
The Goatherd, The Lampighter

03

Lisa Montague Band
@ The Media Club
Mew @ Richards on Richards

02

Calla, windows78
@ The Media Club

04

No Means No, Hearted to Music, The Jols
@ The Red Room

10 RUNK Ten Soullers & Leisure Lab @ The Media Club

HelloGoodbye @ Croultan Cultural Center
The Applesed Cast @ Richard's on Richards

08

Sanctuary Sunday @ The Red Room
The Red Elves @ The Railway Club
Run Chico Run, the robot ate me,
International Falls @ The Lampighter

09

Wiley @ The Media Club
Tina Swick, Jeremy Fisher, Simon Wilcox
@ Richard's on Richards

11

Incura with Nija Sy @ The Red
The Ponys, Deerhunter
@ Richard's on Richards

06

Jackfruit, Matthew Mei,
Madison's Panic & Ideogram
@ The Media Club

07

The R.A.F. & Make the Lion
@ The Media Club
Rich Hope, Hung Jury, Junior Major
@ The Railway Club

April

14

Social Disortion @ The Co
Fishbone @ Pizarro
Burning Y

15

Throaster, Sugarblade, Dasha, Mojave
& Mia Azur @ The Media Club
Hardem Gospel Choir @ The Commodore Ballroom
Alain Trudel, Veda Hille, Sarah Slean,
Ron Sexsmith, Marc Dery @ The Chan Centre

16

Modest Mouse
@ Pacific Coliseum (All Ages Show)
Arboretum @ Plaza Club

17

Ted Leo and the Pharmacists,
Love of Diagrams
@ Richard's on Richards

18

Danien Rice @ The Centre
Electric Six, Yes Your Reflex,
Night Kills the Day @ Richard's on Richards

23

22

Junior Boys @ The Red Room
Peeping Tom
@ The Commodore Ballroom
Junior Boys
@ Richard's on Richards

29

Go To Bed

24

Danien Rice @ The Centre
Trans Am @ Richard's on Richards
Kaiser Chiefs @ The Commodore Ballroom

25

Interval @ The Commodore Ballroom
Tay Macrae, Jason Grayson, Delante,
Wes Kastr @ The Lamplighter

26

Tea Capade and Dave Ward Fro
Hot Blood Bombers, Jugg and the mouse
@ The Lamplighter

27

The Spitfires w/ The Bliss, The Yesterday,
The Deathdays @ The Railway Club
B.B. King @ The Orpheum Theatre

28

Michael White & The Whites
@ The Commodore Ballroom
Lefram & Guest @ The Pic Pub

20

Phogade Redhead, Midnight Movies
@ The Commodore Ballroom, Signal and Noise

21

Alr @ Richard's on Richards
Soundstem, Mouthful of Dabry,
Over the Coals, 2nd Floor, Suicide,
Brigantime Ghost, Exit 200,
Maclean @ The Red Room,
Signal and Noise @ Video In.

13

David Usher @ Richard's on Richards
Devil's Right Hand, Boxfiller, Loose Tooth
@ The Pic Pub

19

The Golden Mean
Language Arts & Sigle
@ The Red Room
Concealed Kid
@ Condon Cultural Centre
Sendt, Scuffed CD Release
w/ Titer and Lead Giddy
@ The Railway Club
Signal and Noise @ Video In.

20

12

ne Constantines @ Plaza Club
The Frames @ The Red Room
Dasha, 9 O'Clock Health @ Buffalo Club

David Usher
@ Richard's on Richards
Loons in The Street, Mary's Gunn's
@ The Media Club

GENERATION LOSSLESS 2010 VANCOUVER

BY CAROLINE WALKER

The 7th installment of Signal & Noise, VIVO (Video In | Video Out)'s annual celebration of explorations in media, will see the festival continue on its steady trajectory towards increasing interdisciplinarity and international presence. This progression has prompted the name change from Video In to the more ambiguous acronym VIVO because, according to an ad-libbed explanation, they are "more than just video." Valveeta Krisp, the Festival Director for this and the past four Signal & Noise festivals, adds laughingly that the switch to VIVO is also an attempt to "lose some of the weight of history." In the context of this year's festival theme, "Lost and Found," a look to the past seems appropriate.

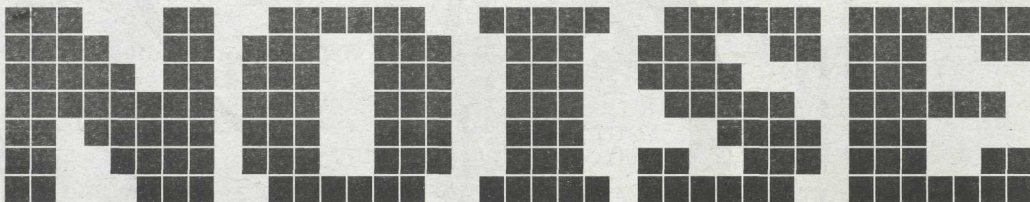
Like many readers, my own experiences with the Video In have primarily been as a venue, and I could plead complete ignorance to its history. Likewise, my experiences of Vancouver are largely

limited to a three year transplant and some vague knowledge of "Gassy Jack" and that Kitsilano used to be cool in the 60s. Needless to say, I required an education in VIVO and Vancouver past stat in order to understand Signal & Noise's place in our current state of the arts. To aid me in my quest to step beyond my immediate experience, I had the pleasure of sitting down with Crista Dahl, currently a member of VIVO's board of directors and, more significantly, one of the founding members of the original Video Inn back in 1973.

After some research, I began to piece together some basic history. Active in the late 60s and early 70s, Intermedia was an informal collective experimenting with collaboration and interdisciplinary work. Feeling that the times were right, Intermedia members Michael Goldberg and Trish Hardman organized an international gathering of alternative video at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 1973. The event was called Matrix conference, and the admission fee was a videotape. Expecting only around 50-60 attendees, they were shocked to welcome over 160 from across Canada, the United States, Japan and Europe. A dozen of the Matrix attendees stayed on to found the Video Inn and its umbrella organization, Satellite Video Exchange Society (SVES). Originally located at Powell Street on Skid Row (an area that was the center of the Japanese business community before the internment camps of WWII) and starting with the initial tapes acquired from Matrix, Video Inn began as a video library and resource center. The second "in" in Video Inn was a reference to the building's former life as a rooming house, and the fact that a few members of the Video Inn (including Dahl) made the space their home. Initially driven to the location by the affordable rent, the mixture of repeated flooding from bad plumbing, cockroaches and an apathetic landlord forced them to move to Yaletown in 1986 and change the name from Video Inn to the more familiar Video In. As Yaletown morphed from a desolate warehouse district to a highly fashionable area with a price to match, yet another move was required. 1993 saw the move to the current locale at 1965 Main Street. (There may in fact be a move in the near future. Rent is expensive at the Main Street location, and negotiations for a new home are currently underway with the Woodward's developers.)

In Dahl's words the early Video Inners felt they were going to "spread art culture and social change all over the world." She laughs as she relays this token encapsulation of the late 60s' artist society. However, she retains the idealism of her youth, and when speaking of political activism she takes a tone that only someone who has lived it can. Born in Seattle, Dahl was active in the San Francisco of beatnik and Haight-Ashbury fame, but left America in 1966 on account of the Vietnam War. Her story is not unlike that of many others attracted to Vancouver in the 1960s.

It was different then. In the world of video art Vancouver was a pioneer, aided by the legitimacy that came with the early support of the VAG, the site of that seminal Matrix conference. (That would soon change; a clear example of the shift occurred in 1984 when the VAG cancelled a video installation entitled *Confused: Sexual Views*. In response, Paul Wong, seminal Video Inner and one of the artists working on the installation, unsuccessfully launched a suit against the VAG—the first Canadian artist to sue an art institution). Indeed, the Video Inn itself, along with the National Film Board's Le Vidéographe in Montreal, was to be one of the first publicly funded alternative video centers in Canada. In a city with an infantile desire to make an impression on the world stage with the 2010 Olympics, it is not customary



The very medium of video, in which so much hope was invested, has become a pacifying force.

for Vancouverites to think of themselves as global leaders in anything, but when it comes to the history of video art we can honestly stake a claim.

The medium of video was born in a climate of activism and the rising women's movement. Its lack of history and low cost (not always true) made it very appealing to those looking to create a new social order. The goal was to get this tool into the hands of the masses and to democratize information. At the Inn's inception, video was new and novel. This was the medium of the future, and the invention of the Portapak (the first portable video recording device) put that future in the hands of the people. It is difficult to imagine now—with practically anyone being able to communicate ideas in moving images—the novelty of this new medium. I imagine it must have been like the first time you caught your form on a security camera and became enamoured with the gaze of big brother.

As I look back at the Signal & Noise programs of past years, the theme of political and social commentary continues, albeit in a less direct form. When I ask Dahl how the representation of political art has changed, she contends that the biggest change is not with the art itself, but rather the support it receives. The world has changed a lot since the Video Inn was first conceived, and one profound difference is our media. We are now free to create our own realities as we please—to watch or not watch what we choose. Self-created realities couple with the contradictions of urban life to breed social disconnection and escapist tendencies. The very medium of video, in which so much hope was invested, has become a pacifying force. Real activism and desire for change is relegated to the margin, while its superficial details are immediately patented and made for sale. But as Dahl says, art represented in festivals like Signal & Noise "has to happen somewhere."

It would be a gross misinterpretation to assume that the name change to VIVO is the Video Inn's attempt to leave its history behind. The new name is a way to reflect the current state of new media. While video will always be a part of VIVO, it would not be in the spirit of the organization to remain tied to it. The group's 34-year evolution has been a delicate process of moving ahead, not being held back by history but not forgetting it either. The early tapes are invaluable, yet also ephemeral. The nature of the tape is to decay, a process expedited by infrequent viewing. It is this that brings Dahl, now in her 70s, back to VIVO. With the help of a grant from UBC she's taking on the massive job of digitizing the old tapes, in the hope that more people will see these works that range from naive to prophetic.

Inspiration continues to be derived from the past. As Signal & Noise morphs and develops, the festival remains attached to the ideals of VIVO's founding members. When the group began, the newness of video meant that early pioneers approached the medium from other disciplines like painting, sculpture and performance. Interdisciplinarity has been there from the start, and is still manifest in the Signal & Noise selections. At the first Signal & Noise in 2001, the majority of the selections were local video productions. In recent years, the festival has seen video retreat to make way for more installations, performance art and interventions. Audio plays an increasingly large part of the festival, though not audio that most music listeners outside of the small electroacoustic community will be accustomed to. The playback pieces (those that are not performed live) will be presented in 8-channel diffusion, an overpowering sensory experience.

An increasing international presence at Signal & Noise also hearkens back to the early days of Matrix and the Video Inn's role as a facilitator of global tape exchange. Now in 2007, submissions to Signal & Noise come in from all over the world, notably from countries with governments that are supportive of the arts. Last September the Harper government announced cuts to the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade for Public Diplomacy, shrinking the funds available to promote international exchange of Canadian arts and culture. (This "cut" is actually a withdrawal of \$11.9 million over 2 years—removal of all discretionary funds above the meager base budget). It will remain to be seen if this has any impact on the activities of VIVO or related artist productions, but it is hard to imagine that it would not with artists competing for the same grant money. In Krisp's words, "If you think about the hierarchy of the arts, where does interdisciplinary art fit? Where does media art fit?"

While doing outreach and trying to get financial support for the festival, Krisp was surprised to find out how many people in Vancouver are still unaware of VIVO or Signal & Noise, despite the fact that word has managed to get to Europe. Chalking it up to the "Canadian classic," she illustrates the point with reference to acclaimed Canadian director Guy Maddin. "When his last big feature, *The Saddest Song in the World*, came out it played in Vancouver theatres for maybe a week. Yet someone was telling me that it plays at house theatres in San Francisco and New York for months—and there are line ups." The ongoing struggle of getting Canadians interested in Canadian art is not made easier, at least in the case of Signal & Noise, by the local media. Aside from an article in the

Disorder last year, there was no press covering the festival. However, the media blackout hasn't stopped festival attendance from growing each year. Last year was well-attended and the most successful to date, Krisp attributes this, and rightly so, to the posters. The power of that form of low-tech communication is quite amazing.

Part of the appeal of the festival resides in its collective nature. In an attempt to make the festival as democratic as possible, submissions are judged for inclusion by jury members with diverse backgrounds in the arts, including many experienced in multimedia and interdisciplinary work themselves. During the selection process Krisp ensures the jury remains blind to artist identity, so that rejection or selection will be determined by the work itself and not preconceptions. Established artists and those emerging from their basement cocoon for the first time are shown side by side. The final count sees almost 50 artists represented over the last weekend of April, and the lack of focus on any one artist gives the festival a casual atmosphere without much pretense. After all is said and done, Signal & Noise is a festival, and people go to festivals to have a good time. What the new media will be and whether the world will be changed for better or worse because of it is impossible to know. Consider Signal & Noise to be an offering of possibility.

It is important to move forward but retain our connection with the past. The history of VIVO, formed around ideas of exploration and integration, is a robust one. The collective behind the organization will continue to experiment, and likely will continue to exist on the fringe. Yet the fringe offers freedom, and freedom (the real kind) is where change starts. I'll end by quoting seminal Video Inner Michael Goldberg's essay entitled "Before the Generation Loss," a piece that seems quite fitting today. "I have no illusions that bits and bytes will successfully communicate our realities, nor that the currently touted electronic information superhighway will inherently change our lives for the better. Nonetheless, the need for creative expression, and a desire to use moving images to bring about meaningful change in an imperfect world, must be a real presence in the upcoming digital media environment."

Signal and Noise runs from Thursday April 19th to Saturday April 21st centered at Video Inn Studios (1965 Main Street).

www.signalandnoise.ca



STRICT FETISH DRESS CODE
 Absolutely no street wear, casual wear or plain work clothes!
 Plain jeans, cargo pants, t-shirts and suits are not permitted
 unless part of an ensemble costume - jeans under chaps are
 fine! Lower genital nudity is not permitted. Suggested attire
 includes: vinyl, PVC, leather, corset, cross-dress, rubber, bondage,
 period costume, armour, cross-dress, rubber, bondage,
 body paint, kilt, fancy lingerie, or any risqué costume you
 think little tiny can dream up... and please
 not "just underwear" We welcome your kinky creativity!

#1 Best Fetish Night in Vancouver
 (Georgia Straight's Best of 2002)
Sin City's DJ Pandemonium #2 DJ in Vancouver
 (Georgia Straight's Best of 2002 & 2004)
Most Radical Fetish Night in Vancouver
 (Terminal City 2005 Vancouver Vanguards Survey)
Most Modern Place To Get Some
 (Terminal City 2005 Vancouver Vanguards Survey)
Best Place To Dance Topless
 (Georgia Straight Best Of 2005)

**VANCOUVER'S WILDEST FETISH PARTY
 NOW TWICE EVERY MONTH!**

\$9 with pass
 \$12 without
 19+ absolutely
 no minors
 Dress to impress!

**SATURDAY
 APRIL 14**
 PLUS THE SECOND SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
 23 WEST CORDOVA 9 PM - 3 AM
CLUB 23 WEST

**SATURDAY
 APRIL 28**
 PLUS THE LAST SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
 106 RICHARDS 9 PM - 2 AM
**RICHARDS ON
 RICHARDS**

those dirty DJs
**PANDEMONIUM
 CATHERINNA
 BETTI FORDE
 R-LEX**

plus your host
MR. DARK

SXSW IS IN ITS 20TH-YEAR NOW, AND AS ALWAYS, PROMISES AN EXCESS OF SUNSHINE, BBQ, FREE LIQUOR, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, MUSIC. AFTER A YEAR OFF LAST YEAR, I WAS HAPPY TO RETURN FOR MY SECOND TRIP TO THIS WILD, WONDERFUL ORGY OF MUSIC AND FUN.

MESSIN' WITH TEXAS

WEDNESDAY MARCH 14TH

Mo and I arrive at the Austin airport on a plane full of people who look like all of the aforementioned is on their agenda. As it's like the bus to indie band camp, and the mood is festive. The sight we witness is a limo driver holding a sign that reads "Isaac Hayes." This is met with a wave of whoops and hollers from the escalator, as the sign comes into view of each successive person. I ponder out loud, "Doesn't the driver know what Isaac doesn't like?" Mo, quick as ever, replies, "Sure, but I bet Isaac doesn't know what his driver looks like." Good logic.

We get to the hotel after a scary shuttle drive (have you ever seen someone read a road map in one hand, scrutinize receipts in the other, talk on a cell phone, and drive 120 kph on the I-35 at the same time?), drop our bags, and then make our way to the festival registration. Last time I attended SXSW, the wait was 4 hours to pick up your badge. This time, around 20 minutes. Kudos to the new system!

We make it across the street through some pretty dismal misty weather to the Canadian Ball, featuring such bands as Malajube, The Golden Dogs, Magneta Lane, and The High Dials. Unfortunately, all of these acts were later in the day and we already had plans for the evening, so instead we were exposed to recent Arts and Crafts signees Young Galaxy, Not Bad, However, The Clicks, who followed, were about as bland as the Lone Star beer on offer (how is that Canadian?). All the rain, mud, portapotties, and shitty music were putting me in a lame Woodstock frame of mind, so it was time to move on.

We're handed free silkscreened Daniel Johnston posters on our way to Emo's, and we pause to marvel at all the chaos that is 6th Street and Red River, the hub of most SXSW activity. I learn Emo's we groove to the fact that they enthrall the room, I learn Chicago—despite the fact that they enthrall the room, I learn that they were dropped from their label. Bummer.

We head over to Antone's, one of Austin's legendary blues bars (with the autographed Muddy Waters posters to prove it), for the Merge Records showcase. We catch Imperial Teen, who are kind of shrill with their dual female vocals; the fact that the bassist used to play keyboards for Faith No More also provides some amusement. Oakley Hall take the stage next, and capture the title of "first amazing show I see at SXSW." Roots melodies with Neil Young-style riffage makes for a sublime set.

We rip over to the Mohawk on the recommendation that The Twilight Sad from Glasgow are not to be missed. The accuracy of that statement depends on whether you like your music morose and suicidal. The vocalist performs the entire last song with his back to the crowd. Jim Morrison or Ian Curtis? I can't decide. Following that, however, Pinback frontman Rob Crow's solo set takes us to a blissful state governed by a hybrid of Slint and Sebadoh. The man has a Star Wars Rebel Alliance insignia painted on his guitar case alongside a bumper sticker that reads "What would G.G. Allin do?" That's alright in my book.

We wind down at the Sub Pop showcase, where our pals Kinski finish off the night with one of the best sets I've seen in 8 years of seeing them play. Sometimes in a crazy city, it's good to see some friends. When Kinski's set ends, closing off an action-packed day, the DJ reminds the audience that it is only Wednesday, that after-hours parties at SXSW usually suck, and that with 3 more days ahead, we'd be well advised to get some sleep. We do just that.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15TH

We wake to clear skies and 77-degree weather. We arrive at the Flamingo Cantina to see Cruff Rhys' solo set, in which he exudes all the charm that made Super Furry Animals so great. After we are impressed by The Headlights, a Chicago quartet that mix the best elements of synth pop and boy-girl harmonies.

We're feeling a little peckish, so we head over to the world-famous without a trip to Stubbs', so we head over to the 2000+ capacity amphitheater, also renowned for its brisket and pulled pork, we can hear a somewhat muffled cacophony from the adjacent venue. Little do we know that while we are hardening our arteries, Boris, an act I had made a serious note of seeing, are bringing the house down just outside. D'oh. Annoyed with having missed that, we rush into Stubbs' amphitheater, but are soon comforted with the discovery that the Melvins are just starting up. While watching their set, I notice that their two drummers, side-by-side, were opposite-handed, giving a psychedelic mirror-like effect. Fucking beautiful.

We race over to The Parish to witness one of the biggest reunions in recent SXSW history, The Meat Puppets. Through my Hefeweizen and heatstroke haze, I come to the conclusion that The Meat Puppets pretty much embody the spirit of this festival. They're quirky country rock. They're polite and funny. And they kick ass.

After some down time at the hotel, Mo wants to see one of her favorites, Bob Mould. Playing a solo acoustic set, he sticks to mostly new material, but pulls out some old Sugar tracks and kills us with "Makes No Sense at All" for a finale. It's good to see Bob still doin' the Du.

And now for something completely different. We make our way to the Hydra Head showcase, which boasts The Daughters, Big Business, and Jesu. The Daughters spazz out entertainingly, though the singer's salivary theatrics seem to steal the focus from the music. Big Business follow, proving that if Lightning Bolt decided to become a Deep Purple cover band, it would be a good idea.

But I'm really here to see one of my "no-miss" acts: Jesu, the newest musical incarnation of Justin Broadrick. The previous axeman of Napalm Death, Broadrick also single-handedly invented the genre of grindcore with his Godflesh project. Perhaps not surprisingly, then, this show draws some very diverse characters, if t-shirts are anything to go by. I haven't seen this many Godflesh t-shirts since 1991. Or Swans t-shirt. And is the dude smoking pot over shirts wearing a Van Der Graft Generator shirt? 10 thumbs up there! Jesu deafen us with the most beautiful waves of feedback and slow dirge rhythms this side of a My Bloody Valentine reunion. Feeling content with our live-music quota for the day, we end the night by mellowing out at The Side Bar, a popular SXSW haunt known for its intimacy, good martinis, and LACK of live music—a surprisingly appealing trait at times during the festival.

A SOUTH BY SOUTH WEST DIARY

IMAGES AND WORDS BY LUKE MEAT

"AS WE GORGE ON BRISKET AND PULLED PORK, WE CAN HEAR A SOMEWHAT MUFFLED CACOPHONY FROM THE ADJACENT VENUE. LITTLE DO WE KNOW THAT WHILE WE ARE HARDENING OUR ARTERIES, BORIS, AN ACT I HAD MADE A SERIOUS NOTE OF SEEING, ARE BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN JUST OUTSIDE."



FRIDAY MARCH 16TH

This is the day I'm most excited about: the "Mess With Texas" all-day party hosted by Chunklet magazine. From 11:30-6:00 pm, the two-stage party features (deep breath):

MARCH 16TH

Indoor

12:00-1:00-Andrew WK discussion
1:20-1:50-DANAVA
2:00-2:25-Comedy
2:35-3:05-David VanDerVekke
3:15-3:40-Comedy
3:50-4:25-DEAD MEADOW
4:35-4:50-COMEDY
5:05-5:45-Black Angels

OUTDOOR

12:30-1:00-Spindrift
1:15-1:40-DARK MEAT
1:55-2:20-Matt & Kim
2:35-2:55-Mika Mitto
3:05-3:30-Erase Errata
3:45-4:10-Brother Pease
4:20-4:40-The Gossip
4:50-5:10-DAVID CROSS
5:15-5:50-LES SAVY FAV

Best of all, though, the event kicks off with a one-hour motivational lecture on "PURE FUN and TOTAL LOVE" from Andrew WK., who has evidently reinvented himself as some kind of new-age guru. His speech leaves us dumfounded. Advice like "You have the power to control how you feel" and "If you find that you hate a certain song, stop and really listen. Find something that you LIKE about it. Maybe it's the bassline, or even just the singer's shorts. But I bet you can find SOMETHING you really like about it. And doesn't that feel better than just hating it?" Fuck. While his platitudes are eye-roll provoking, his delivery is so honest and heartfelt it's hard to hate.

David Cross, the MC for the day, takes the stage after Andrew WK. and avoids the scathing comments you might have expected in the wake of such a bleeding-heart diatribe. Cross looks like he wants to have a good time, and so do we. He takes the stage between each act, pulling off some great spontaneous bits—a jovial host despite (no, seriously) being in recovery from a jellyfish larvae infestation.

On the indoor stage, bands alternate with comedy acts, providing some great belly laughs between bands. Some go over better than others, but the list of acts is pretty first-rate: Michael Showalter, Aziz Ansari, Eugene Mirman, writers for SNL and The Colbert Report, and more. Brian Posehn settles an age-old debate by announcing that it's ok for two straight guys to blow each other as long as they yell "SSSSLLLLAAAYEEERRRR"

Back outside, The Gossip make me wonder once again why they're not allionaires. They're one of the most consistently great bands in existence. Erase Errata are out-standing with their herky-jerky art rock. However, the day is dominated by Les Savy Fav. Frontman Tim Harrington, armed with about 100 feet of mic cord, manages to scale the entire outdoor stage and bar setup, treating the scaffolding like monkey bars without ever missing a beat.

After missing Boris' set at Stubbs', I was not about to make the same mistake twice. We take in their set at Spiro's Amphitheatre, which proves to be the loudest show I have heard all week—I have to succumb to the ol' toilet-paper-in-the-ears trick. The audience goes nuts over guitarist Wata's chops. Not only is she an absolute knockout, but she plays through twin Orange cabinets. She's also the only woman in attendance other than Mo. We end our night at The Flamingo Cantina and take in the prog stylings of another Japanese act, Green Milk from the Planet Orange, a trio that plays sitting down facing each other but eventually works up a triangular frenzy. They're incredible, but my tired brain longs for sleep.

SATURDAY MARCH 17TH

It's a clear 80-degree day, and by the time Mew from Denmark hit the stage, a light breeze has unsettled cherry blossoms on nearby trees, which fall on us like pink snow—the perfect complement to Mew's ethereal pop, which captivates the crowd. Not a bad way to start the day.

We drink an obligatory St. Paddy's Day Guinness at Buffalo Billiards and plot our next steps. We're excited by the opportunity to see Jandek, one of music's greatest anomalies, in the flesh. Jandek started recording music in 1978, and to this date, he

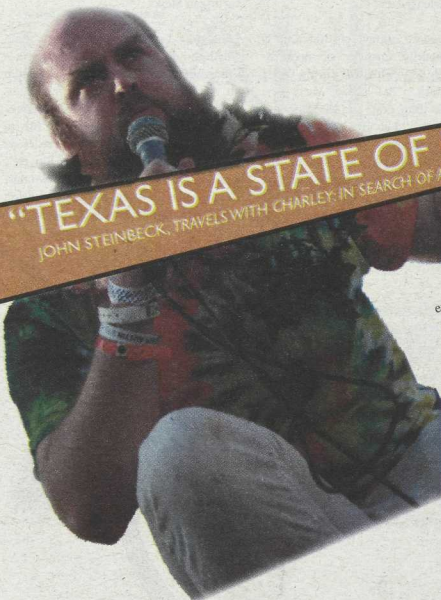
has released a staggering 58 albums. For over 20 years he was a reclusive hermit, refusing interviews and leaving the general public unable to know or understand this enigmatic figure. His music could best be described as atonal suicide songs for insomniacs. He came out of hiding a few years back and has started playing occasional live shows with a full band—still rare

enough to be a special treat.

We head up to the Central Presbyterian Church early to make sure we get into this much-anticipated show, and manage to get second-row (pew) seats. Jandek emerges in head-to-toe black, fedora and all, playing the "enigmatic figure" role to a T. He proceeds to wail lyrics such as "Won't you let me come into your house?" (Um, no) and "I don't like myself, I'm sorry, but I don't. I feel like a failure; don't ask me why." (Note to Jandek: you were the only one who thought so, because myself and the entire sold-out church who gave you a standing ovation thought otherwise.)

After taking in Wax Fang, Seattle's The Cops, and The Blakes at the Mohawk, we rush over to The Ritz to catch Daniel Johnston, another SXSW staple, who fist-wieldingly "Rocks us out" and also gently asks us if we have been enjoying the festival. I can honestly say that I have.

We decide to wrap up this paper in indie disdain, let me fill you in on a few arena shows populated by drunk jocks. So the cozy confines of Antone's was a great place to witness them for my first time, and just about the only chance I'd have to watch from the front of the stage at a small venue, meathead-free. 2) When they play the States, usually only Canadians show up. So it was good to unwind with some fellow country people. 3) Whatever you think of them, Gord Downie is the best frontman any band could ask for. He rants, reads poetry, drinks, sings, and plays guitar like a vet, and the band is tight as always. They play a great range of old and new tunes, including "Bobcaygeon," which nearly breaks me up. I'm also happy to report that they have confidently reclaimed "New Orleans is Sinking" and have no qualms about singing it in the southern U.S., complete with new tagline "and no one gives a shit." It's an admittedly sentimental, unabashedly Canadian way to end the fest, and it's been a blast.



"TEXAS IS A STATE OF MIND"

JOHN STEINBECK, TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY IN SEARCH OF AMERICA

BY ALLAN MACINNIS

TIM RAY

The recent reunions of Vancouver punk/pop bands the Subhumans, the Pointed Sticks, the Furies and the Modernettes make it a great time to check in with Tim Ray. Tim Ray and AV's 1977 track "Time Waves" was the first self-released single by an independent Vancouver band. The band's subsequent seven-inch *AVEP* was picked up by Quintessence, and stands as the legendary label's first release. Ray's band members included a pre-Pointed Sticks Bill Napier-Hemy and avant-guitarist (and later *Straight* columnist) Alexander Varty. "Dying in Brooklyn," which Tim describes as a song about "the unrest in suburban living," is memorable enough that Liquid Screen, a Japanese band who opened for the Pointed Sticks last summer, included a cover of it in their set. This was much to the delight of the tune's co-writer Napier-Hemy, who was standing backstage at the concert thinking, "Hey, I know this song..."

Ray is more than just a piece of local history. After the scene here dwindled, he spent 1982 in Paris, then formed the anti-folk band Big Yank in New York. Ray describes anti-folk music as a "combination of punk and folk," a style Beck was associated with around the time of *Mellow Gold*. Ray's last concert was in 1987 at CBGB's. Since then, he has changed his creative output to focus on the finer arts. An abstract expressionist painter and a "self-described outsider artist," Ray is also an experimental filmmaker, whose assemblages of "found film and scratched film," drawn from 1950's sci-fi and horror films, game shows, *Three Stooges* episodes, low-budget porn, and static have played behind the likes of Pere Ubu, the Reverb Motherfuckers, and the Butthole Surfers, and graced film screens across the continent.

Noteworthy as all this is, I don't get *really* excited about the interview until Ray gives me a tape of as-yet unreleased songs from various sessions in the 1980s. Trust me: the best music by Ray has been heard by very few people in this town. The Big Yank stuff in particular gets me grinning widely.

It's pretty far out there, with samples of voices, radios, and distorted orchestral intros; semi-tuned acoustic guitars, jaggedly strummed or plucked; near-incoherent vocals with impressionistic lyrics; and a deranged playfulness and passion throughout. So, was Ray dropping a lot of acid back then, or what?

He laughs. "Well I've done my fair swag of drugs in my time, but no. I wasn't doing anything then! We had a bit of marijuana I think, but that was about it. Everybody was clean in the band." I marvel at this.

"It's really fucked up music!"

Ray proudly responds, "It is, isn't it! It's the most fucked-up eccentric stuff I ever did! Even by today's standards, it's still pretty different." Tim notes the similarities to the work of Daniel Johnston, though he was completely unaware of Johnston at the time.

There's a particularly interesting story behind one tune, "Taming of the Donkey." "Well, the donkey is the democratic thing, just donkeys and hee-haws and all that sort of anarchy of a donkey," Ray says, a tad opaquely. "It was the story of how a gentrified area had a waterfall in it, and a building? And the building was ruining the waterfall—so they had to take the building, pull it down and save the waterfall. So it was saving nature, rather than man-made structures. I kinda related to that story and then I wrote a song around it." How does that connect with the Democrats? "Well, I kinda crossed over a bit—there's a bit of this, a bit of that. I just sorta melded it all into one. It didn't have to be literal."

Also on the tape are some stunning new wave pop tunes from the early 1980s, featuring Varty and Ray on guitars, Marty Higgs on bass, Ron Cargil on drums, and Peter Helliwell on keyboards. The music, produced by Ron Obvious, reminds me of Devo, early Talking Heads, and even the B-52s, but it's just challenging enough that it would probably have scared off most radio

listeners back in the day. "I like to be ahead of the times," Ray shrugs. Good as it is, most of this material remains unreleased.

"I didn't really listen to other punk/new wave bands too much," Ray says, when I ask about influences. "In the beginning, I sort of did, because it was such a turn-on, right? My whole upbringing, I was listening to Iggy Pop and Roxy Music, and everything from The Who to Jimi Hendrix. And Jonathan Richman. I was sort of naturally being primed for the new wave movement in my high school days. And I did like the Talking Heads, the first two records were really good. But by that time, 1980, I was sort of trying to do my own thing, and I didn't really want to be influenced." He concedes that a bit of his roots showing through was inevitable. "I was only 23, right? When you're young, you tend to wear your influences on your sleeve a bit more." Varty and Napier-Hemy also cite Television as a band they all liked.

I ask Ray if there were any high points from playing music in Vancouver. "The John Cale tour was very good," he tells me. "We did Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver, on the *Honi Solt* tour. He had a full-on rock band." Interested readers can check out much of the music from the tour on the *John Cale Comes Alive* LP. "It was a really good little tour, actually. [Cale] wasn't really friendly—I think that was during one of his alcoholic stages. He's had a few substance abuse stages where he's a bit anti-social, but it turned out okay. We were pretty smug, but he bought us some beers and acknowledged us."

The Commodore branch of that tour is Varty's favourite memory of performing live with Ray. "This was during Cale's 'Dirty Ass Rock 'n' Roll' phase," Varty says, "and rather than drag out the Marshall Stacks and try and go up against him volume for volume, we played with little tiny Fender Champ amplifiers—basically the smallest tube amplifiers available, and that was a band that had Ray, myself, and Scott Harding all playing guitar. So it was great

fun. We just came out with these sorta lunchbox-sized amplifiers and put them on stools and had a great show."

Napier-Hemy also has a fond memory of playing live in AV, opening for Patti Smith at the Commodore. "I really admired her, and she was standing by the side of the stage while we were playing. I was doing my zombie routine—I had my khaki work-shirt on and I wasn't moving around, I was being very stoic. And when we came off stage Patti Smith complimented me on the way I moved. I still to this day don't know if she was being sarcastic or not," Bill laughs. "But anyways, she spoke to me, which I was all excited about!"

It struck me as interesting that, in terms of his painting, Ray chooses to call himself an outsider artist. I know from a past interview with the Minimalist Jug Band that not all people labeled thus appreciate the term. "Yeah, outsider art was one of the things that had cropped up in the zeitgeist in New York. Outsider art was very cool, and a lot of people say, you're self-taught, you're an outsider, so that sorta stuck with me. I have my own style of drawing. I use tissue and I don't use a brush." Ray applies the ink to toilet paper and uses his fingers inside the tissue to draw. "It's a bit of a technique—you can use your fingers inside the tissue and get different effects from the ink, you can dot it and splash it around and all that kinda stuff. It works out good." Ray recently had a show at the JEM Gallery (225 East Broadway) and those who missed it can check out his paintings at the Naam starting in May.

A final note: Varty tells me that he is "madly dying to do something," so if anyone is in need of a "crazed guitarist," seek him out. And if anyone is interested in facilitating the release of some really exciting music—from shoulda-been new wave hits to completely unbankable but marvellously fucked up anti-folk—seek out Tim Ray. He's been working on putting together two releases for some time, and has some amazing surprises in store for the right listener. **D**

* SUBTLE

MARCH 24
Commodore Ballroom

TV ON THE RADIO

When Subtle took the stage there was a sense of mystery in the eyes and utterances of the soon to be perspiration-brushed crowd. The band's set, which featured sardonic jokes and bordered on performance art, soon had the uninitiated craving more. For those already familiar with Subtle, the liveliness and surprising proficiency with which the band transferred their complicated recorded sound had much the same effect. Adam "Doseone" Drucker's ability to control the audience with his socially charged narratives and manic movements was fascinating, as was his disturbing delivery of the set-closing **Shellac** cover "A Prayer to God." Subtle is interesting and innovative in much the same way TV on the Radio were around three years ago.

Perhaps TV on the Radio opened their set with "Young Liars," a song from their early career EP of the same name, for a reason. Less than seven months removed from their last Vancouver experience, there was a noticeable difference in the popularity (and attendees) of the show. Fans reaching on stage to swipe set lists, people insolently pushing their way towards the stage, and perhaps my own peculiar ploys to get them to play "Ambulance" didn't seem to impress the band. Largely thanks to the consistency with which *Return to Cookie Mountain* graced the top of 2006 best album lists, TVotR have attained a level of fame they probably never anticipated. Yet lead vocalist Tunde Adebimpe still gushes gratefully and bounces around stage fluttering his hands, the incredible vocal harmonies between him and Kyp Malone are still present, and the band still have an almost unparalleled sound that is remarkably good live. Which makes the hype inescapable, and the band worthy of all the acclaim.

Pádraig Watson

REAL

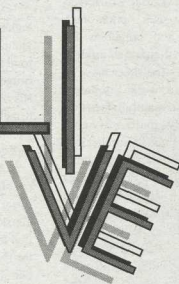


Photo by
Freddy H.

MARCH 3
Fulford Inn
Salt Spring Island

For those who are dub challenged, the layman's definition describes dub music as a bass-heavy version of reggae, with instrumentals laden with echo and reverb. Such a classification is far too narrow for Twilight Circus, who vastly expand the scope of the genre. Twilight Circus albums are recorded live, vinyl is pressed in Austria and live shows are presented DJ-style courtesy of Ryan Moore. Based out of the Netherlands, Moore's Twilight Circus is currently on a North American tour culminating in Los Angeles, where he opens up for **George Clinton**. Moore most likely considers this upcoming performance on March 14 at the Dub Club in LA as somewhat akin to the Holy Grail.

After a Ferris Bueller-style jeep race to catch the 5:00pm Schwartz Bay ferry, we finally arrived at the Fulford Inn at approximately 8:00p.m. to find Moore tend-

ing to the musical apparatus (including some turntables to die for). After greeting the Dub Messiah the proceedings turned to Salt Spring Pale Ale and homemade Buffalo Jerky (had to eat something on the ferry).

Moore started the show shortly thereafter and didn't let up until a little after 1:00am. Crediting such influences as **John Henry Bonham**, **Carol Kaye** and **Sir Paul**, Moore's performance was an inspiring sonic assault. Consider his latest release, *Rasta International*, which was partially recorded at the Mecca of recording studios, namely Tuff Gong studios in Kingston, Jamaica. An apt snapshot of what lurks within that album could be heard on "Stand Up & Fight", as Moore's bass roved like a phantom, dropping out at times (except you're not entirely sure if it does) only to come back unexpectedly with renewed force. Both live and on record, Moore's dynamic approach embraces intuition, tem-

pered with a cautionary view of new technology. For Moore, flexibility is a valued good, and the quality of the song and musical ideas are paramount.

As for the audience response, Moore single-handedly transformed the sleepy Fulford Inn into a hotbed of freaks from all demographics, brimming at full capacity. Internationalism at its finest. Move over **Bono**, move over **Kofi**, and make way for a true internationalist with "dub teeth". While our existence is rife with uncertainty, one can always be certain of an eventual death, high taxes and, after watching Twilight Dub Circus, Moore's unconditional mastery of the dub genre. *Dario Raymond*

TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUND SYSTEM

FACTION

BLOC PARTY
ZOMBIES
PHILL NIBLOCK
FINAL FANTASY
HEAVEN AND HELL
TV ON THE RADIO
RYAN MOORE'S
TWILIGHT CIRCUS
FAKE SHARK-REAL ZOMBIE!

Photos by
Lindsaysdiet.com



Photos by Freddy H.

ZOMBIES

MARCH 11

Richard's on Richards

A few weeks ago my mom, sister and I went to see **Van Morrison** at GM Place; it was one of the weakest shows I've been to. Van looked as though he had been woken up from a nap when he rolled out onto stage, he didn't once address the crowd, and—though his sax playing was great—his voice sounded pretty rough (or maybe he was just slurring the lyrics, which would explain the grogginess). He left the stage, two thirds of the way through "Gloria," exactly (to the second!) 90 minutes into the show. People booed and left feeling ripped off.

Maybe Van was having an off night. Still, as a fan of *Moondance* and *Astral Weeks*, it was a tough show. Maybe it was naïve to hope to hear "Madame George" or "Everyone," but to only get "Moondance" and then a bunch of songs I wasn't crazy about (including a country version of "Have I Told You Lately," argh) made me wary of seeing artists whose output from the '60s and '70s is what made me a fan.

The **Zombies** show a couple of weeks later couldn't have been more different. Colin Blundstone and Rod Argent, two of the original **Zombies**, are both older than Van Morrison, yet they put on an amazing show. Colin's voice still sounds as beautiful and wistful as it did forty (!) years ago, and keyboardist and chief **Zombies** songwriter (along with bassist Chris White) Rod was full of energy, even if his 'fo is looking a little grey.

PHIL NIBLOCK

MARCH 8

St. Andrew's Wesley Church

At the tender age of 73, **Phil Niblock** maintains an impressive touring schedule, putting on shows with decibel levels befitting those less than half his age. Active as a composer, photographer and filmmaker since the 1950s, he is often referred to as "the forgotten minimalist" who, unlike most of his contemporaries (**Philip Glass**, **Steve Reich**, et al.), creates sound works that remain true to the idiom's form.

Bearing minimalism's trademarks of formalistic purity and theoretical rigor, his long-form studies use single-mic source tones from acoustic instruments like recorder, cello and e-bowed acoustic guitar. Originally working with tape, he now layers sound files via laptop into dense, singular drones at rock 'n' roll volumes which, over time, reveal microtonal variations hidden within.

Niblock, along with saxophonist **Thomas Andersmit** (whose CV includes collaborations with **Jim O'Rourke**, **Kevin Drumm** and **Keith Rowe**—plus he's an impressive circular breather to boot), encouraged the audience to wander freely in the sonorous acoustic space of Saint Andrew's Wesley Church, so tones could waver with a turn of the head as four twenty-minute works played out like time-stretched exhalations, hovering between stasis and motion.

Those who wished to remain seated could watch projections from *The Movement of People*

Working, Niblock's single-take films of mental labour around the world.

Initially puzzling, the visual and the auditory didn't seem to sync up. Footage of people mending nets, loading crates and forging horseshoes seemed didactic, even arbitrary, when coupled with such impressively large sounds. Although it would have been more satisfying to listen without the visual distraction—in the same way that **Francisco Lopez** uses pitch-black rooms and blindfolds for his multi-channel anxiety attacks—the sheer mass of Niblock's work ultimately served to maintain focus on the simple matters at hand. One was free to watch, close their eyes and lose time, alternate between earplugs and listening to it raw (two very different experiences) or move around freely to examine the interplay of sound and architecture while headlights on Nelson flashed through stained glass.

Nowadays, drone comes cheap, whether via complacent ambient bliss, quasi-mystical appropriation of Eastern idioms or in the sludgy (and AWESOME) theatrical nihilism of **SunnO))),** More akin in spirit to the fluorescent lights and piled bricks of visual minimalists **Dan Flavin** and **Carl Andre**, Niblock's presentation was experiential rather than experimental, activated by the audience's participation in the work. In other words, it rocked. Slowly. *Christopher Olson*

BLOC PARTY

+ FINAL FANTASY
+ SMOOSH

MARCH 12

Orpheum Theatre

A mostly-empty Orpheum greeted the teen/pre-teen duo of **Smooch**. Admittedly, a lot of their appeal came from their young age: watching the drummer's face light up in a smile several times per song after nailing some part or other, or noticing the pint-sized bass player—even younger than the two others—who added to a few songs before scampering offstage. Still, the band had enough twee-pop hooks to make their set a good one. I wish I could have been as creative with a keyboard or drum set at that age.

Meanwhile, **Final Fantasy** was dazzling, with Owen Pallett slowly building up a virtual orchestra of repeating violin parts with his looping effects pedals. It all worked to glorious effect as his plucks, scratches, and strums arranged themselves into delicate, immaculate compositions. His compatriot **Steph** added visual flair by projecting artsy drawings and cutouts on an old-fashioned overhead projector. A beautiful rendition of **John Cale's** "Paris 1919" topped off a brilliant display of talent and ingenuity.

At long last, we were presented with the four scrawny lads of **Bloc Party** and their twangy, emotive repertoire. **Matt Tong's** frenetic drumming anchored "Positive Tension"'s rhythmic anti-punk, while **Gordon's** bass work had a forceful impact on the blasting choruses of "Waiting for the 7:18" and "The Prayer." Softer, swaying crooners like "Blue Light" and "Sunday" also played a major role in providing respite from the more frantic tunes.

It's unfortunate that the band's rapid ascendance has led them to employ some tactics that are a tad distasteful. Inviting kids up onto the stage for a big dance party at the end of "Helicopter" didn't seem to suit the song. **Frontman Kele** was constantly eliciting cheers from the crowd, as if to prove to himself that his popularity hasn't quite run out yet. But despite the populist antics, there were musical high points around every corner, with "Like Eating Glass" feeling truly epic and "She's Hearing Voices" turning into a stomping, show-stopping rager.

Sure, this much-anticipated show had its flaws, but the intensity those indie heroes put on display was thrilling and energizing in a way that few among the sold-out crowd are going to forget any time soon. *Simon Foreman*

HEAVEN AND HELL

+ MEGADETH
+ DOWN

MARCH 11
Pacific Coliseum

"That was the most Metal thing I've seen in my entire life!"

Those were the sentiments of most of the packed crowd at the Coliseum as drummer Vinnie Appice, bassist Geezer Butler, singer Ronnie James Dio and the heavy metal architect Tony Iommi bowed and walked off the stage after playing their first concert together in fifteen years. For those

sweaty club downtown, they would have been the headliners, since they are, after all, a southern metal supergroup featuring ex-members of **Pantera**, singer Phil Anselmo and bassist Rex Brown, guitarist Pepper Keenan of **Corrosion of Conformity** and **Crowbar** guitarist Kirk Weinstein and drummer Jimmy Bower. The band pummeled the crowd with relentless riffing while Anselmo, one of the most respected metal vocalists in the last twenty years, grunted to the brash tunes like a possessed man. In their all-too-brief stint on stage these "young upstarts" nearly stole the

on the band rested almost exclusively on Mustaine for the entire set, leaving the other members to play in the dark. To any Megadeth fan this should come as no surprise, since the band has always been Dave Mustaine's beast. The band is a revolving door of the most talented musicians in metaldom. This time around the band featured bassist James Lomenzo, replacing long-time member David Ellefson, as well as Canadian brothers Glen and Shawn Drover on guitar and drums, respectively.

The night seemed to have reached a high point

slow, doomy opening riff of "After All (The Dead)" when the house lights came on and all 5'4" of the 57-year-old Ronnie James Dio pounced off the drum riser like some sort of tiny demon spawn. The audience responded accordingly and proceeded to go insane.

The band played a riveting set, with all of the legendary members playing the marvelously heavy music they are renowned for. The throbbing bass of Geezer Butler perfectly complimented and anchored the powerful power chord riffing and piercing solos of Iommi. These two

band's dark music, Vinnie Appice was the only weak link of the performance with his by-the-numbers drumming. Appice drummed solidly, but nothing he did compared to Bill Ward's exciting freewheeling, jazz-tinged style.

Of course, a true night of heavy metal magic would not be complete without some ridiculous lyrics, and Heaven and Hell did not disappoint in this regard. All metal bands have some cringe-inducing lyrics (just ask Mustaine about what's inside "Hangar 18" to understand) but Dio really has no competition here. The chorus to almost every

your dreams" from the song "Heaven and Hell." The thing is that Dio is such an extraordinary singer and such an exciting, albeit short, frontman that he makes even the most absurd lyrics sound like a revelation.

Before returning for an encore, Heaven and Hell finished off the show with their namesake song, the only song in their repertoire that stands shoulder-to-shoulder with anything in the Classic Sabbath catalogue. Beginning with a slow, moody riff, the song hearkens back to older Sabbath but never sounds like a

HEAVEN AND HELL

who haven't heard the explanation, Heaven and Hell is the Dio-era lineup of **Black Sabbath** (the first lineup of many after their split with **Ozzy** in 1978) who chose to tour under the name of their first album together (*Heaven and Hell*) in order to avoid confusion with the original **Black Sabbath**.

The show started off with an explosion of noise from the opening band Down. If this were a packed,

show from the metal legends that were to follow.

Megadeth took the stage soon after, appearing in front of an ecstatic crowd who may have mistook them for the headliners of the evening. Dave Mustaine may have made the same mistake as he lead his crack session band through a number of classic and brand-new Megadeth tunes that set the Coliseum on fire. The two spotlights shining down

after Megadeth. Hell, they even played an encore: not bad for the openers. Indeed, many people seemed to be leaving before Heaven and Hell even came on stage. These people missed out on a wild ride. The stage was shrouded in darkness when a spotlight shone down upon Tony Iommi standing stoically in a long, black leather trench coat, a cross around his neck and his jet black Gibson SG in hand. He began to play the

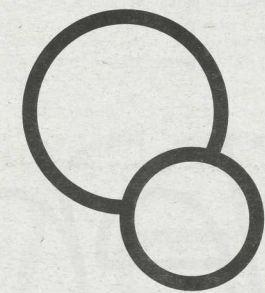
WHAT WAS THE MOST METAL THING I'VE SEEN IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!

original members work so well together and their second-to-none guitar teamwork fueled the powerful rockers like "Voodoo," "Lady Evil," "The Mob Rules" and the heaviest of them all, the encore "Neon Knights." Dio's voice may have been the most powerful instrument of the entire night, as it sounded better now than Ozzy's voice did twenty years ago. Singing with intensity and passion, his voice soared over the

song is the title repeated ad nauseum or yelled once with a lot of emphasis. The verses often fare less well, as Dio has a tendency to sing about dungeons, dragons and children of the sea. One of the lines Dio seems most proud of (it's on the backs of the concert T-shirts) is "They say that life's a carousel/Spinning fast, you've got to ride it well/The world is full of Kings and Queens/Who blind your eyes and steal

retread. With Geezer's simple but powerful bass and Iommi's never-ending collection of great riffs and licks that build to a speed metal freak-out at the end, it is in many regards the perfect **Black Sabbath** song. However, I can't imagine **Ozzy** singing it, because "Heaven and Hell" belongs to Dio as much as the devil horns do.

Brent Mattson



MARCH 17
Seyllynn Hall

FAKE SHARK

I returned for the first time in around a year to the little popularity contest they call Seyllynn Hall to see one of the only bands that could drag me back there, **Fake Shark** - **Real Zombie!** They always put on a colourful and extremely entertaining show, but on this night in particular they poured all their energy into one of the best performances I've seen in a long while. Sporting a new bassist

REAL ZOMBIE!

who thrashed and danced his way through the entire set, they were tighter than ever. Vocalist Kevin Maher always grabs the crowd and holds their attention, and he didn't disappoint. His stage antics are a little loopy and were clumsily complimented by guitarist Louis Wu's acrobatics. At one point in the middle of the show Wu climbed up onto a platform above drummer Malcolm Holt, and jumped clear 'n' him. It was dangerous, and it was totally rock 'n' roll.

For the first time in what seems like forever, kids danced like clapping monkeys in a blender without caring what they looked like or who saw them. **FSRZ** killed it. Their sound is fresh, unlike anything out there right now. Check out **Fake Shark** at the Lamplighter on the 31st before they leave for an international tour—you won't be disappointed. Sarah Fischer

The Belushis

Thunderballs
(Independent)

This sophomore album from one of Vancouver's rudest of booze bands invites the many clichés of rock 'n' roll: loud, liquored, bailsy, irreverent, thundering and clearly only here for a good time. *Thunderballs* is a decent approximation of the all-out aural abuse of the Belushis' live show, but like most booze-rock records, it lacks a certain luster come sobriety and the light of day. Despite singer XXX's indisputable ability to wail like **Rob Tyner**, somehow "city's got its finger in your ass" feels different from within the comforts of home than it does when being sprayed with sweat at a bar, all the while having your butt cheeks unceremoniously groped from behind. That said, live or on tape, the Belushis deliver with cocky anthems, and enough guitar wanking to please the most jaded of rock snobs. I'd argue this band is best listened to when horny, sweaty, and drenched in cheap bourbon. Wherever that might be. Then again, the Belushis also like to make a point of reminding you that they don't really give a crap what you think of them, and according to one of their groovier tracks "We're Not the Cool Kids," apparently they "don't give a fuck about my MySpace" either. Which is funny, since they added me anyway.

Mya B

The Book of Lists

Self Titled
(Scratch Records)

Early the morning I awoke to review the self-titled sophomore release from Vancouver's The Book of Lists. I dreamt I was driving in a car with my family (a boisterous seven piece ensemble, if you will) from one small Canadian town to another. My parents bickered in the front seat, and I tried frantically to reorganize a mountain of coloured markers my younger siblings had littered about the vehicle, spread across the floor of the back seat like an impossible game of Pick-Up Sticks. Try as I might, I could not keep the pieces of the dream—the trip, the car, my family—assembled in any meaningful or lasting fashion.

At times, the same could be said of this release, which, despite a clear agenda to balance a solidly Brit-pop sound with long-drawn moments of inspired psychedelic rock, departs after a first spin with little left lingering behind. Only fragments from tracks like "Lost Weekend," and "Eating Silver" remain, both of which illustrate the highly imaginative stylings of Trevor Lee Larson's layered guitar riffs, which throughout the album compete with Chris Fey's quirky vocal strains for musical superiority. Fey and Larson likely earned The Book of Lists much of the praise they won for their debut release, *Red Arrows*, an album that moved UK label 1965 to put out the *Pacific Revolt 7"*. On their self-titled release, however, and especially on sure-footed tracks like "Journey East," bassist Laura Piasta and Brady Craufield on drums prove the winning duo. Together the two lend staying power to a sound that sometimes deliberates too heavily on fleeting melodies. Their solid back-up of the album keeps the musical hooks that never quite bite from leaving the listener completely hanging. A self-titled album always offers to be the most of, if not the best of, the band for which it has been named. The Book of Lists, though, never quite fulfill their vision on this recording, although from what I can piece together, their live show must be well worth seeing.

Mono Brown



EL-P

I'll Sleep When You're Dead
(Definitive Jux)

Brooklyn native EL-Producto, founder and CEO of hip-hop label Definitive Jux, has released warning after warning of impending doom and the crumbling of modern society. *I'll Sleep When You're Dead*, the proper, anticipated follow-up to 2002's *Fantastic Damage*, displays EL-P's anxiety and paranoia in full bloom. Laced with his layered, futuristic production, rap's George Orwell delivers his ideas with clarity and precision, touching down on every societal impurity he can get his hands on.

This album is terrifying, plain and simple. Part of the horror comes from EL-P's certainty when describing his vision of apocalypse and the downfall of human civilization. At every moment during the thirteen tracks he seems to speak from experience, and the surrealism of his subject matter never does seem all that surreal. In fact, it seems quite plausible.

The other part of the horror comes from his beat-making. He creates dense soundscapes of wailing sirens, pulverizing drums, and clumsy pianos. Industrial and trashy. EL-P's beats sound like a mix between grinding machinery and Alfred Hitchcock sound effects. When layered on top of the vocals, it brings a whole new light to the urgency and panic expressed in his lyrics.

EL-P won't sleep soundly. Not for now, at least. But rest assured, some of the best material EL-P has recorded can be found on this disc, and never has he sounded as matured and focussed. EL maintains his status as underground hip-hop's heavyweight MC/producer, and there is no doubt in my mind that he will continue to innovate as long as he can hold the mic in his right hand and the sampler in his left.

Stuart Mitchell



Albert Hammond, Jr.

Yours to Keep
(Rough Trade)

The Strokes were formed in New York State sometime in nineteen ninety eight then put out *Is This It* with much ado. That was in two thousand one, when people thought the band good fun and gave their album positive reviews.

Now they're not as widely liked (outside of Alpha Kappa Phi); cue Albert Hammond, Jr.'s own CD. I guess his stuff is good enough (some decent songs, some boring fluff). Out on Rough Trade, the album's *Yours to Keep*.

Some songs are decent; some are not. Most of them are soon forgot. "101" sounds okay in the car. But underneath that curly hair, there isn't really that much there; Albert should have stuck to playing guitar.

Maxwell Maxwell

Under

Floodlight

Cold Faces
(Independent)

There's apparently a new TV show entitled *The Couv*, based in Vancouver. It showcases the youth of tomorrow by following their trials, tribulations, life lessons and cellphone text drama. The soundtrack is gladly provided by Vancouver's own Floodlight, a.k.a. **Sum41/Matchbox 20/3rd Eye Blind/Days Away/Shurman/Nickelback** lite. The production on the record is great, done by Floodlight's own Dave Truscott. This vocalist/guitarist/composer/producer is obviously at the helm of this safe-rock EP. I would wager that the goal here is to break into opportunities such as the speakers of a Bootlegger, the newest *Big Shiny Tunes*, or

possibly the small stage at the Vans Warped Tour.

The vocals seem to be there just for the sake of being there. I couldn't make out anything in the lyrics that was actually "saying" anything. Well, there actually was a banal take on the "damn-the-man" theme in the title track and a garden-variety love balladish ditty. The lyrics had no message, nothing of value. I understand that they're playing to people that don't even know they don't even know, but seriously, there's no reason to perpetuate this kind of run-of-the-mill bullshit.

Although pushing no boundaries musically, this should get the heads of 14-year-old kids bopping. It could at least be played in the background at a nursing home kegger. I'm ready for my coma now.

Cosmo Digger

Wayne Petti

City Lights Align
(Outside Records)

Toronto's Wayne Petti is best known for his work fronting Canadian touring band **Cuff the Duke** and orchestral pop vibraphone sensations the **Hylozoists**. *City Lights Align* is Petti's first officially released solo album, a more polished and studio-tweaked version of the untitled disc he's been hawking at shows.

Musically, *City Lights Align* largely sticks to the tried and true formula of acoustic guitar and simple percussion, and it works. This re-recorded version offers a bit more instrumental depth than the show-only offering that preceded it, adding a rich organ and even some drum machines on a few tracks. Despite the added instrumentation, Petti's lyrics are what both makes and breaks this album.

At his best, Petti manages to find the perfect alignment of folk music and city lights, creating a new folk-country sound that retains the lonely blue collar sensibilities of old country while weaving through stories and themes relevant to young, modern citydwellers. "Up on the Hillside" perhaps best exemplifies this, dealing with relationships, spirituality, underpaying jobs, politics, and how there's always someone better than him "with money, at sports, or philosophy." Petti runs with one idea until distracted by another without losing the overall mood and even admits his own disjointed nature, jokingly stating that "a short attention span takes me to the next line."

The trouble comes when Petti veers into more sentimental territory. While he manages some clever turns of phrase in "Moment by Moment" and "I Wait," love songs like "I'll Be With You" are unforgivably sappy. Lines like "with every pirate movie that I see, I will think of you" belong in understated dorm room serenades and should never find their way onto actual albums. *City Lights Align* is mostly solid, but this kind of filler is frustrating, making me wish that Petti released an EP rather than stretching this effort to album length. Still, for a Cuff the Duke fan, this album will serve to bridge the gap till the band releases their next.

Greg McMullen

LCD Soundsystem

Sound Of Silver
(DFA)

James Murphy, the man whose toiling effectively fashioned the genre that has been coined dance punk, is enigmatically influential. Counter-intuitiveness seems to be his secret to success. LCD Soundsystem's first album gem "Losing My Edge," a song about Murphy's fading hipsterdom, became a ferociously prevalent song despite being about lost prevalence. The track could be the thesis statement for the dissertation that is *Sound of Silver*, an album willed on by Murphy's lost youth. On "Losing My Edge," among other quips, Murphy proclaims "[he] was the first guy playing Daft Punk to the rock kids." *Sound of Silver* seems to usher back to rock a scene that has become dance-oriented.

The album feels more explicitly derived from influences than earlier LCD Soundsystem, and is more interesting due to immense displays of emotion (rather than a focus on achieving a new sound). The trademark repetition is still evident, but *Sound of Silver* is lyrically more pungent. Coming off of an odd undertaking, 45:33, a workout record Murphy made for Nike and Apple that was largely instrumental, the sentiment is all the more astounding. "Someone Great" best exemplifies the shift to greater meaning both on this album and career-wise, and is perhaps the most exceptional track on *Sound of Silver*. Once again the focus is vanished youth, but this time the gate swings open for poignant subject matter on the rest of the album.

Murphy defies conventions indiscriminately. The album is at times political yet uncontroversial, which isn't just counter-intuitive—it's downright oxymoronic. *Sound of Silver* is compelling and listenable dance music, which is contradictory itself, but with LCD Soundsystem that seems right, and so soon enough it will probably be standard. Which means Murphy is going to have to mix things up, which suitably is what he does best.

Pádraig Watson

The Nein

Luxury
(Sonic Unyon)

During most of *The Iliad*, the runner Achilles sits in his tent trying to decide whether to fight and die or desert and live. It is fitting then, that "Achilles Last Tape Solo" is the best song on an album where The Nein, like Achilles, choose an undertaking that will ultimately lead to their defeat. *Luxury*, like the Greek warrior's last battle, is a noble attempt at something they just couldn't fully succeed at—a smooth synthesis of rock and electronic music.

The aforementioned song is by no means perfect, but it is a solid example of how awesome this experiment can be. All the elements are there, from strong melodies to computer cacophony, and they are not merely juxtaposed, but inextricably moulded together. Noisy tape manipulation cooperates with thumping acoustic drums, and discordant synth lines complement in-tune human voices.

Unfortunately, this standard is not met by the rest of the album. The problems that plague the songs vary from forgivably lazy amalgamations of electronics and rock, to unforgivably poor inventions of each. The first track, "Burn Construction," is the strongest example of The Nein's weakest tendencies. At its core, it begins as a bland modern rock radio-ready waltz, complete with played-out lyrics and a guitar line that is on par with even the most derivative post-grunge tune. It improves towards the end, but its flaws epitomize the album's greatest failing: weak songwriting. The Nein could create a far more impressive album by writing a consistent batch of songs before busting out the moog and tape manipulation. And they should, because unlike the world of Greek epics, the world of American rock doesn't grant you immortality for fighting a losing battle.

Dave Fernig

Pop Levi

The Return to Form Black Magick Party
(No Idea)

I have no idea what the title means, but the album is just as far-out as the title sounds. Pop Levi seems to specialize in pasting zany, weird sounds onto rock songs. Yes, "pasted" is an appropriate phrase. I am a proponent of wacky or psychedelic sound bites as long as they're used in a man-

ner that complements and is appropriate to the underlying music. The feelings I get as I repeatedly listen to *The Return to Form Black Magick Party* range from appreciation for its potential, to muted interest, to embarrassed cringing.

The most striking aspect of the album's sound is the prominent studio trickery. For example, most of the vocals are overdubbed. The dubbing doesn't hurt, as the album would've sounded too acoustic otherwise. The weird noises, however, are another story. The bulk of them are tacked on the beginning or end of a track. Instead of being integrated with the song's flow (as in *Pet Sounds* from The Beach Boys).

This is not to say that every single millisecond has studio tricks up its sleeve. Among others, "Blue Honey," "Hades"

Lady," and the lovely "From the Day that You Were Born," show Levi's raw, more basic approach to rock. The pick of the lot is probably "[A Style Called] Crying Chic". At the same time, it's a shame because I can envision the potential for "Crying Chic" to be even better—it has an acoustic guitar hook that kills—if only Levi didn't sing the song to death. Alas, that's another prominent, detrimental aspect to Levi's record: recycling the lyrics or vocal melody. Some of the words are thoroughly embarrassing, the worst being "Pick-Me-Up Uppercut," with grunts, endless repetition of the title, and various bewildering one-liners ("The alligator! The alligator! . . . I'll see you later! I'll see you later!") that belong in someone's toilet (not mine). The end result is an album with loads of great ideas sans the backbone of songwriting savvy.

John Park

Nine Inch Nails

Year Zero (Nothing)

Trent Reznor's latest album, *Year Zero*, paints a bleak portrait of a near-future police state America that has crumbled under the weight of its own excess and vanity; not so pretty now, the citizens are being terrorized and experimented on by their own government. With gritty imagery, shocking sounds and theme Web sites, there's nothing thinly veiled about the album's subject matter as commentary on today's political and social climate in the US.

It's an incredible spectacle setting the stage for a spectacular album release. And there hasn't been a stitch of traditional marketing to promote it. It's here that you see Reznor's paranoid vision of big brother and digital control isn't just a sci-fi-fueled cautionary fable of what's to come, but rather the very tools he's using to get the music out and heard. The advertising has been a stealth initiative, spread word of mouth through the internet by fans and savvy media outlets. The traditional label channels and methods are being bypassed.

The campaign is taking the form of an alternate reality game (ARG), a blossoming gaming activity that attempts to tell a narrative within the context and bounds of real life. Media and communication mediums are often manipulated to contain or be part of puzzles that relate to the story. For Nine Inch Nails, there's been coded messages embedded on tour t-shirts, secret images, cryptic strings of numbers on web pages, automated e-mail responders from brainwashed truth-seekers and chilling wire-tapped phone calls.

On February 14, the song "My Violent Heart" was "leaked" when a concert attendee found a flash drive that had been "accidentally discarded" in a bathroom stall in Lisbon. The song was distributed widely on the web and features Reznor's spoken word calm over soothing bass and beats before abruptly giving way to a militaristic call to arms over distorted guitars and synth stabs. Running the song through spectrum analysis on computer audio editing software turns

the static heard at the end into an image that may be the album cover or a clue to the ARG's reference of a mysterious force known as The Presence. The effect is similar to *Apex Twin's* secret image embedded within *Come to Daddy* in the late 90s.

In the following weeks, more clues were revealed. Another flash drive was found containing two files: the quietly smothering and claustrophobic "Me, I'm Not" and another mp3 file of chirps entitled "2432". Analysis of that song decodes a phone number leading to the above mentioned phone recording.

LA radio station KROQ suddenly played the forthcoming "Survivalism" twice; a quick and energetic rocker with an unexpectedly bouncy chorus. A flash drive was found containing a video for the song, featuring an apartment complex's many units being monitored by closed circuit television.

On February 25th, during the live broadcast of the Academy Awards, another USB drive was found containing the track "In This Twilight" and an image that led, with no small amount of irony, to the Web site www.hollywoodinmemoriam.org. The song features beautiful vocals from a usually abrasive or whispering Reznor over chunks of sonic debris scraping through the heavy beat.

Soon after that, fans and ARG players alike found themselves clicking to www.artisresistance.com for downloadable stickers, stencils and desktop images. "Survivalism" was released in Apple's Garageband format to be remixed, modified and redistributed.

As digital music distribution becomes de facto, it's this kind of creativity that allows an artist to achieve a vision that was once limited to album graphics, music videos and stage shows; it's this kind of power that allows artists to reclaim control of their own music and how it reaches their audience. With so much of the album being released in a controlled way, Reznor is positioning his music like a brand. Underneath all the story technology, and even the music, the real war is revealed. And the battle is just getting started.

Henry Faber

Rich Boy

Self-Titled (Interscope)

For a rapper to name himself Rich Boy seems a little audacious if not unoriginal. Rich Boy hails from Mobile, Alabama, again raising a few red flags. Is Rich Boy just another flash in the pan from the southern states? Another rapper to come on the scene with weak lyrics and a funny dance craze? Well, appearances can be deceiving. Rich Boy's debut album oozes the swagger and drawl of the south but in ways that seem wholly genuine. Rich Boy doesn't take any tracks off; there isn't an ounce of laziness on the record. Instead what you get is a 21-year-old kid trying, and succeeding, to prove himself to hip-hop heads everywhere.

Rich Boy's story isn't the typical rapper's story. No coming up through the ranks of street dealers, no hard time spent in prison, and no bullet wounds to impress the young kiddies. Instead Rich Boy was going to school to become a mechanical engineer when one day he happened upon someone making a beat on their computer. From then on Rich Boy put himself into his music.

Good thing he did too. This album is filled with pleasant surprises track after track. Guest spots by other artists play a substantial, obvious role in the success of the record and, in turn, Rich Boy doesn't disappoint. We get both members of *OutKast*, but on different tracks, *David Banner*, *John Legend*, *Pestor Troy* and *Jimmy Jones*, just to drop a few names. Some of the best tracks on the album include "Get to Poppin'", "And I Love You", "Boy Looka Here" and the street anthem "Throw Some D's." Production on the album is tight, and having Lil' Jon produce some of your tracks wins points with me every time.

Rich Boy isn't going to solve the world's problems but he is going to lay down the truth over banging beats. The south is no joke.

Andrew Webster

Various Artists

Imagine the Shapes (What's Your Rupture?)

"It's all about entertainment, and it's all about satisfaction"—a line from *Love is All* that could easily become the motto for the NYC-based imprint, What's Your Rupture? In a few quick years, a string of excellent releases has pushed the label to the forefront of the indie-pop revival. But so far the label has stuck almost exclusively to seven and 12-inch wax, excluding fans whose parents were too square, or hip, to pass down the turntable. Now, What's Your Rupture? has widened their audience by releasing *Imagine the Shapes*, a compilation that gathers the label's first four singles on one convenient CD. Thankfully, the label is

the type that follows a strict aesthetic, which makes the disc play more like a cohesive album than some disjointed compilation. Each band—*Love is All*, *CAUSE CO-MOTION!*, *The Long Blondes* and *Comet Gain*—beats out the type of scrappy indie-pop once heard blaring from bands like *The Poppans*, *The Wedding Present* and *Television Personalities*.

To set the tone, Sweden's *Love is All* begins with the sax-infused, guitar-frenzied workout of their stunning *Make Out, Fall Out, Make Up* seven-inch, showcasing three of the strongest tracks from their full-length, *Nine Times That Same Song*. The label's only American act, *CAUSE CO-MOTION!*, follows with their jangly band of herky-jerky rock 'n' roll, where clean, choppy guitars

briskly lay four tracks to rest. Next comes Sheffield's *The Long Blondes*, who wrap *Orange Juice*, *Blondie* and *Spectroscums* into a disco party destined for mass consumption. UK vets *Comet Gain* wrap up *Imagine the Shapes* with their torrid union of mod-punk and Northern Soul, a formula previously perfected on their grossly under-rated album, *Realities*. As the compilation spins to a stop, it's easy to walk away feeling both entertained and satisfied. **D**

Brock Thiessen

The Choir Practice

the debut album out May 15

starting in april at a store near you...

MINT'S Spring Sounds

SELECT TITLES FROM THE MINT RECORDS COLLECTION SPECIALLY PRICED!

MINT RECORDS
www.mintrecords.com | www.myspace.com/mintrecords

the reduced price

How The Jehovah's Witnesses' Shalom members' recordings band's the questions on "Shalom" — CMC 3, Chorus 94 on Sirius Satellite Radio and the Podcast

www.myspace.com/theshalomband

IMMACULATE MACHINE

SPM MUSIC BIZ APRIL

BEN SIGSTON THE PAINTED DRIPS
 THE PAINTED DRIPS
 LAURA MARLEY
 APRIL 17TH

WOLFE CRIMINAL UNDERGROUND
 UNDERGROUND
 TUBER DUBS
 APRIL 21ST

MARRIED TO MUSIC
 KAMAZAKI NIGHT
 CONWAY AND THE PIONEER
 THE PIONEER
 APRIL 26TH

CALLAHAN
 SECONDS 30 30
 THERAPY
 APRIL 26TH

THE BELUSHI SULTURRO
 SULTURRO
 MARY'S BUNDS
 PUB 340
 340 CAMBIE ST

ANTHILL
 BLUE ALARM
 LIVE A DREAM
 SATURDAY
 APRIL 28TH

CITR CHARTS!

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars (*) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to git 'em. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

Strictly the
dopest hits of
March 2007

Artist	Album	Label
1 The Arcade Fire*	Neon Bible	Merge
2 Secret Mommy*	Plays	Ache
3 The Pack*	Tintype	Independent
4 Besnard Lakes*	Are The Dark Horse	Jagjagwar
5 Trans Am	Sex Change	Thrill Jockey
6 The Queers	Munki Brain	Cochon
7 Pop Levi	The Return To Form Black Magick Party	Counter
8 Various*	Aaargh Annual # 2	Aaargh Records
9 Various*	Snowed In: A Tribute To Hank Snow	CJSR
10 Do Make Say Think*	You, You're A History In Rust	Constellation
11 StinkMint*	The Red Album	Cochon
12 Organ Trail*	Wagon Train	Independent
13 The Black Lips	Los Valientes Del Mundo Nuevo	Vice
14 antibalas	rhythm of the river	Riverboat
15 Marnie Stern	In Advance Of The Broken Arm	Kill Rock Stars
16 Amy Winehouse	Back To Black	Island
17 Mum	The Peel Session Vancouver, BC	Fat Cat
18 Julie Dairon*	Woke Myself Up	Endearing
19 The Dolly Rocker Movement	Nightmares	Distort
20 Jesu	Conqueror	Hydra Head
21 The High Llamas	Can Cladders	Drag City
22 Deerhunter	Cryptograms	Tranky
23 Deerhoof	Friend Opportunity	Kill Rock Stars
24 Psychic Ills	Early Violence	Social Registry
25 Hella	There's No 666 In Outerspace	Ipecac

Artist	Album	Label
26 Dead Meadow	Dead Meadow	Xemu
27 Wendy Atkinson*	Pink Noise	Smarten Up And To The Point
28 MV & EE With The Bummers	Green Blues Ecstatic	Peaca
29 Various*	Killed By Canada	Fans Of Bad Productions
30 B.A. Johnston*	Call Me When Old And Fat Is The New Young And Sexy	Just Friends
31 Klaxons	Myths Of The New Future	Because Music
32 Apostle Of Hustle*	National Anthem Of Nowhere	Arts & Crafts
33 Fun 100*	Goodbye!	Hockey Dad
34 Elvis Perkins	Ash Wednesday	XL
35 Panda Bear	Person Pitch Paw Tracks	Independent
36 Barr	Summary	5RC
37 Peter Bjorn & John	Writer's Block	V2
38 Bonobo	Days To Come (Bonus)	Ninja Tune
39 Bobby Conn	King For A Day	Thrill Jockey
40 Kristen Hersh	Learn To Sing Like A Star	Yep Roc
41 Ghost	In Stormy Nights	Drag City
42 Ill Ease	All Systems A-Go-Go	Cochon
43 Alkaline Trio	Remains	Vagrant
44 Bonnie "Prince" Billy	Lay and Love	Drag City
45 Die Mannequin*	How To Kill	How To Kill
46 Neil Young	Live at Massey Hall	Reprise
47 Lee Hazlewood	Cake Or Death	Ever
48 Gruff Rhys	Candy Lion	Team Love
49 Stars of the Lid	And Their Refinement of the Decline	Kranky
50 The View	Hats off to the Buskers	1965

THE BEST DEALS IN TOWN FOR A MEASLY 15 BUCKS.

**Anti-Social Skate Shop
and Gallery**
2425 Main St.
604-708-5678

Audiopile
2016 Commercial Dr.
604-253-7453

Beat Street Records
439 W. Hastings St.
604-683-3344

The Bike Kitchen
UBC, AMS, 6138 Student Union
Blvd.
604-822-BIKE

Burcu's Angels
2535 Main St.
604-874-9773

The Eatery
3431 W. Broadway
604-738-5298

Hitz Boutique
316 W. Cordova
604-662-3334

The Kiss Store
2512 Watson St.
604-675-9972

Lucky's Comics
3972 Main St.
604-675-9858

Maggie Magazine
1319 Commercial Dr.
604-253-6666

**People's Co-op
Bookstore**
1391 Commercial Dr.
604-253-6442

Puncturhaus
228 Broadway E.
604-708-8100

Red Cat Records
4307 Main St.
604-708-9422

**The Regional Assembly
of Text**
3934 Main St.
604-877-2247

R/X Comics
2418 Main St.
604-454-5099

Scratch Records
726 Richards St.
604-687-6355

**Slickity Jim's Chat and
Chew**
2513 Main St.
604-873-6760

Spartacus Books
319 W. Hastings
604-688-6138

Vinyl Records
319 Hastings St. West
604-488-1234



www.citr.ca/friends

A Friends of CITR Card scores you sweet deals at Vancouver's finest small merchants and supports CITR 101.9 FM. Show it when you shop!

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am							
9am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...					
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm		LET'S GET BAKED	BESNERIC RHYME	DEMOCRACY NOW		RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	FILL-IN	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	FILL-IN	MY SCIENCE FICT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
5pm		NEWS 101	WENER'S BBQ	NECESSARY VOICES	PENAL REVOLUTION		OUR WAY
6pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE DREAMS	UNCOMMON PRACTICE	AND SOMETIMES WEY	FILL-IN	THE CANADIAN WAY	SHADOW JUGGLERS
7pm		KARASU	CAUGHT IN THE RED	FOLK OASTS	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA				LIVE FROM THUNDERBARD RADIO HELL		BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
9pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW			LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	CONCEPTION RADIO
10pm	TRANSCENDANCE				RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	
11pm							
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR			
1am							
2am							
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)
SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)
KOL NODEDI (World)
 Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast cross-roads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
 (Reggae) Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)
 Real cowhit-caught-in-yeer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)
 British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

QUEER FM (Talk)
 Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)
 Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic)
TRANSCENDANCE (Dance)
 Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Snijley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)
 Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)
 A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)
 Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)
 Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED
 w/ WATT & DWE (Eclectic)
 Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, the Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)
 A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NEWS 101 (Talk)
 A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Be come the Media."

W.I.N.G.S. (Talk)
 Womens International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)
UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)
 All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

KARASU (World)
THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)
 April 2: One of the stars of last year's jazz fest was vibist Bobby Hutcherson, and tonight we feature the great vibist and marimbist on a rare album issued only in Japan called Inner Glow. Bobby's quartet is augmented on some tunes by three great horn players. A hidden gem!

April 9: Tonight's feature honours pianist/composer/recordist Andrew Hill (who appears in concert this week April 12 with his trio). Andrew!!! is classic Hill with vibist Bobby Hutcherson and a rare appearance by Sun Ra's tenor saxophonist John Gilmore. This music was recorded in 1964 and is as contemporary as

tomorrow.

April 16: Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers with Lee Morgan (trumpet), Wayne Shorter (tenor saxophone), Bobby Timmons (piano) and bassist Jymie Merritt was the great drummer/band leader's favourite edition. You'll hear why in these live concert tracks recorded in Paris. The Messengers were on fire this night!

April 23: Tonight the leading voice of the Hammond B3 organ: Joey DeFrancesco. Joey will be at the Jazz Celler April 27 to 29 so to give you a taste of this young jazz master we present "The Philadelphia Connection" with Joey D., guitarist Paul Bollnacker (to be replaced at the Celler by Canadian jazz Langley) and hot drummer Byron Landham. Joey honours the late organ hero Don Patterson in a great set.

April 30: Trombonist/Composer JJ Johnson leads in an all-star big band in a program of originals by the trombone giant. As this album features all aspects of Johnson's creativity it was called "Total JJ." The band includes a full array of famous jazz stars like Hank Jones (piano) and Art Farmer (trumpet). Big sounds by one of the true greats.

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)
 All the best of the week of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)
 Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGH-BRED VOICES (World)
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)
 Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourg that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)
GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)
 Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

BESNERIC RHYME (Talk)
 Interviews with contemporary Canadian poets. We'll talk about line breaks, construction bosses named Phil, and the invitational

you.

REEL TO REAL (Talk)
Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)
En Avant La Musique se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Franco-phonie musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)
Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)
Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Eclectic)
AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)
PLANET LOVE TRON (Eclectic)
With host Robert Robote. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonixmixmatch. Two parts new and experimental hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.
planetovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise)
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic)

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETON RADIO (Rock)
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)
Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic)
First Wednesday of every month.

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic)

JUICEBOX (Talk)
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queer-ness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators

Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!
www.juiceboxradio.com

FOLK OASIS (Roots)
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)
SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic)
Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)
Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)
AFROBEAT (World)
Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats. My passion is music from the Afri-can Diaspora. Catch up on the latest and reminisce on classic spins.
myafrobeat@yahoo.com

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! However, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGHTRACKS (Talk)
RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)
SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
Email requests to:
djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)
Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)
NARDWUJAR THE HUMAN SERVICETTE PRESENTS (Nardwujar)
THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)
Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montr al!
thecanadianway@popstar.com

DAVID "LOVE" JONES brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B)
I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)
Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and direct giveaways.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.
www.streetpunkradio.com

POWERCHORD (Metal)
Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)
The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)
News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)
An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jinjuelle & Blas on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk)

CITR 101.9 FM Springs Into Spring

The sun is shining, birds are singing, flowers are growing, clouds are looming and it's pretty clear by now that spring is in the air. Spring is an exciting season here at CITR, with the National Campus and Community Radio Conference coming up fast on the horizon. As the days get longer and the sun activates long-dormant synapses, more and more people are snapping out of their winter slump and trying their hands at something new. We'll have updates on conference planning next month, but for now check out two new shows blossoming on the airwaves.

Besmeric Rhymes

Tuesdays 2 - 2:30pm

What could be better than a show that brings poetry out of the library and into the street? Frankly, a show that brings a poet off the street and into my house to help me get rid of the bedbugs in my mattress, as poet Zach Wells did on a recent episode of Besmeric Rhyme. We've also taken the Great Donut Tour of Vancouver with poet Ben Hart, and gotten convincing performances out of counter workers who we asked to read from his sonnet cycle about donuts. Tune in Tuesdays 2-2:30 pm to listen to host Linda Besner take local poets out on the town.

Duncan's Donuts

Thursdays Noon - 1pm

Some people say I'm living the dream. If the dream is working at UBC and broadcasting a radio show on my lunch break, then you better believe that the dream is being lived, by me, Duncan, host of Duncan's Donuts.

Why call it Duncan's Donuts? I aim to deliver sweet treats from the Pop Underground. Plus, it didn't sound as pretentious as the other names I was considering ("Songs For A Future Generation," meh) and Parts Unknown was taken. What is the Pop Underground? Uh, well, it's any pop music that doesn't make it on to most radios. That and it should have something to do with Calvin Johnson. Please bear in mind, I ascribe to an unusually broad and inclusive concept of pop. Beach Boys and Kinks, check; X-Ray Spex and the Delta 5, check; Half Japanese and the Beat Happening, check; Destroyer and The Blow, yup; and much, much more.

Other than music, what will I hear? Well, this being campus radio, expect to hear all manner of technical gaffes, including feedback, missed cues, bizarre roars and hearing me talk while the songs are playing because I've left the mic on. That talking may be of interest; at 12:30 I deliver select concert listings. I also try to bring in co-hosts whenever I can. These co-hosts have all sorts of interests to share with you, the listening public. Some of them are from France, some are from Toronto, some of them are ladies, all of them bring a fresh perspective to the pop endeavour.

Who's listening? Well, my mom listened once, and people call in when I give away tickets (which happens on occasion), so there must be some listeners out there. Also I recently accosted Canadian film and television legend Don McKellar and convinced him to do a promo for my show, so it sounds like he listens. I'm sure that he doesn't, but he is a fan of The Zombies, so he could—feasibly—like the show.

Requests and heckles are always welcome on Duncan's Donuts. Thursdays at noon on CITR 101.9FM. For more information, visit duncansdonuts.wordpress.com.

Discorder is looking for an Editor.

Responsibilities:

- » liaising with label reps, volunteers and staff
- » planning, creating and commissioning content for each issue
- » organizing interviews and meetings
- » editing copy
- » contributing to the long-term vitality of Discorder and CITR
- » ensuring the successful execution of the magazine each month

Requirements:

- » strong command of the English language
- » knowledge of local and independent music
- » able to take initiative, delegate responsibility and be resourceful
- » comfortable with mac and pc working environment

discorder.ca

This is a volunteer position with a monthly honorarium of \$350. A flexible schedule and a willingness to work 50-60 hours/month is required.

Apply by April 12th with resume and cover letter to discordered@gmail.com.



Rally around these rockin' releases

For many it is their dream job

CD 16.98

CD 16.98

CD 16 98

SALE PRICES ON SALE UNTIL APRIL 30, 2007

CD 16 98

CD 16 99

CD 16.98

CD 16.98/LP 14.98

CD 14.98

CD 14.98

CD 16.98

1777rev

CD 9 98

CD 6 98

CD 6.98

1000

Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00